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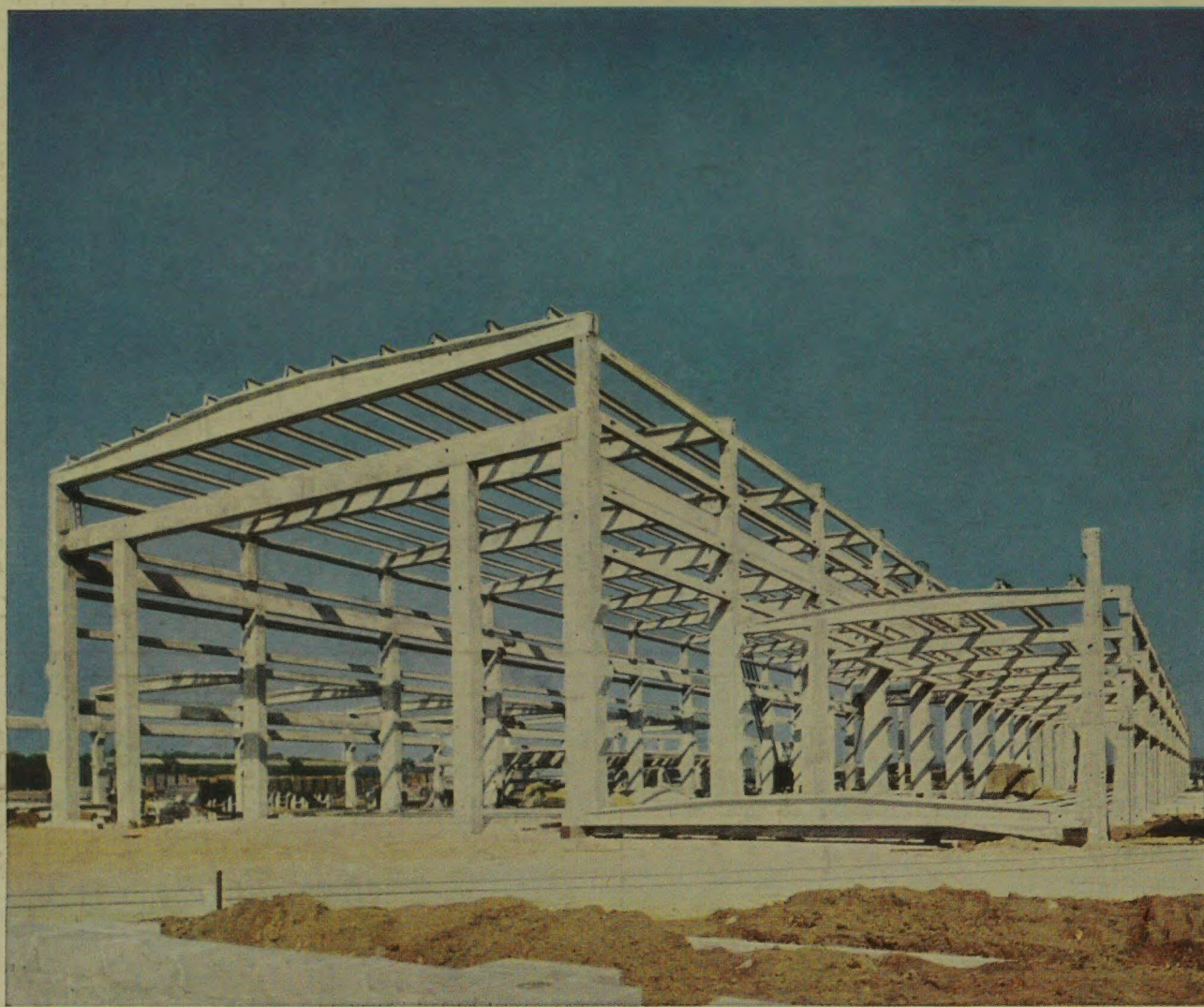
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Ralph Waldo Emerson
(from "The Problem," published in 1847)

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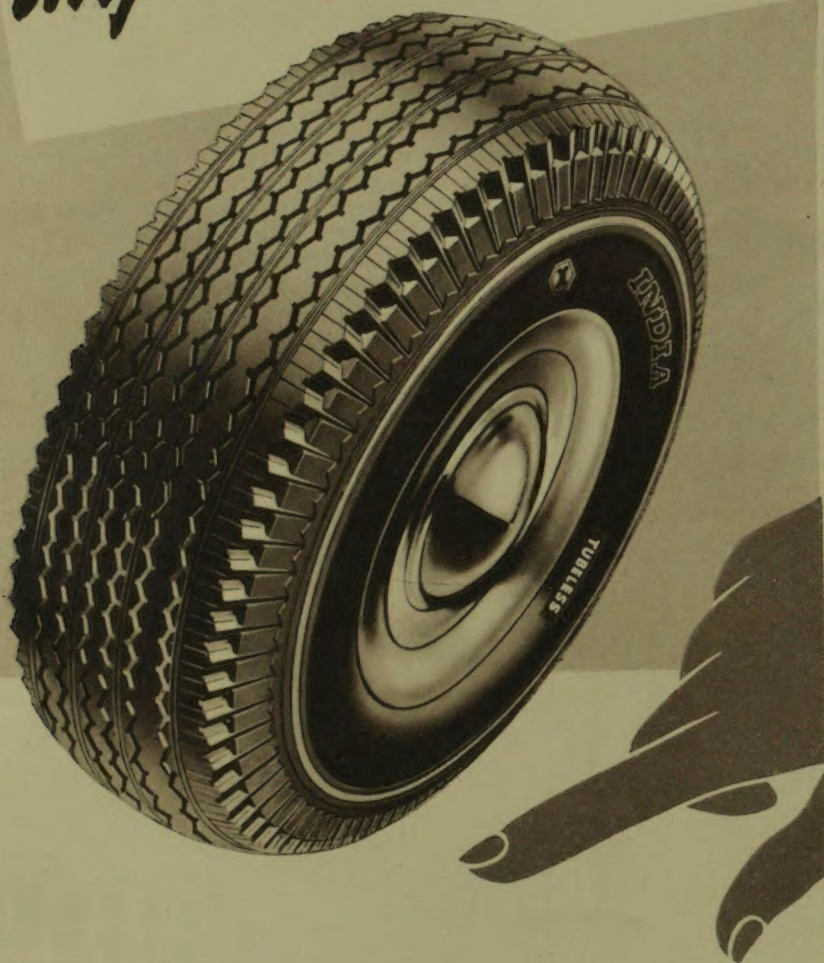
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INDIA make both Regular and Tubeless tyres—each the same high quality.

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DOBIE OF PAISLEY are pleased to announce that their Original Vintage Blends are available to discerning pipe smokers once again.

Four Square Tobaccos are back to pre-war quality, free from stalk and manufactured with the inherited skill of the master-craftsmen who have served the independent House of Dobie for 150 years. In spite of rising costs and the use of none but the most costly grades of leaf, they are still the least expensive of good tobaccos.

Four Square smokers of long standing will remember their pre-war qualities and be anxious to smoke them again—but to the post-war pipe man, Four Square Vintage Blends will come as a new and delightful experience. *Ask for the blend of your choice by the colour of the squares*

RED ::

Finest Virginia tobacco in broken flake form

BLUE ::

An aromatic blend of pure Virginia and Oriental leaf
each of the above 4/7½d per 1 oz. vacuum tin

YELLOW ::

A choice blend of Virginia-type tobaccos in broken flake form

GREEN ::

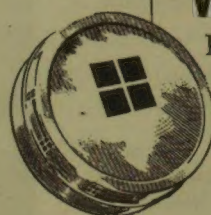
A rich, satisfying blend of fine Oriental and Virginia-type leaf

BROWN ::

A ready-rubbed fine-cut, toasted to a rich dark brown

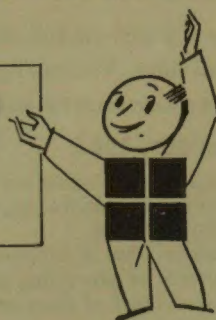
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Small discs of spun tobacco, each a complete blend
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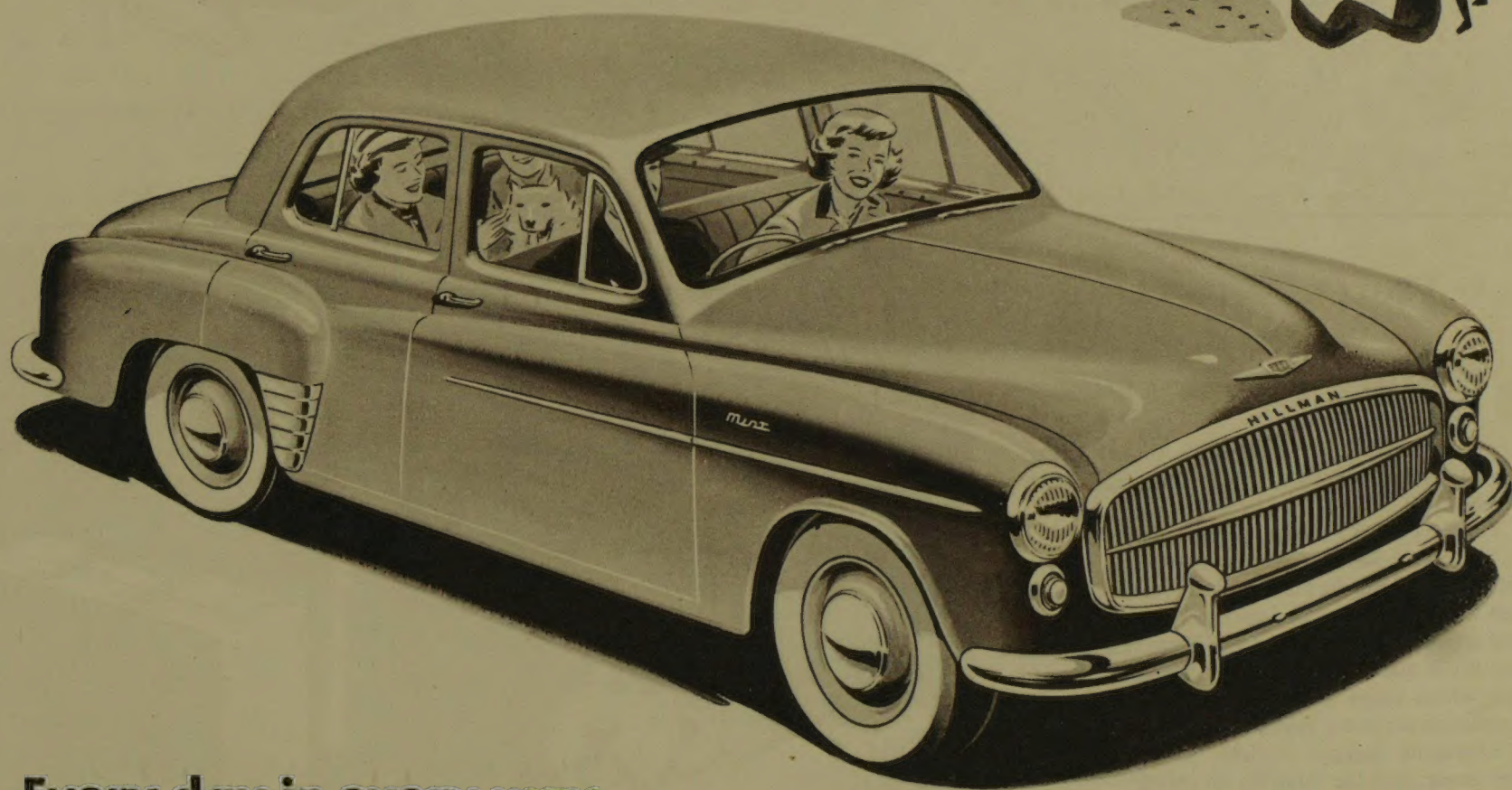
Catching a train?



Meeting a plane?



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Every day in every way

you'll be happier in a

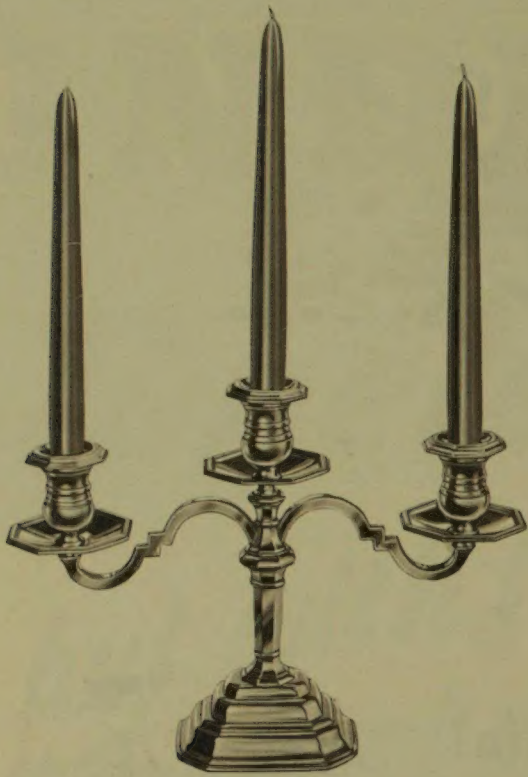
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Happier with the flashaway zest, the silk-smooth 75 m.p.h. of the brilliant O.H.V. engine . . .
Happier with its sleek trim luxury look, the roomy, inviting interior, the big deep boot . . .
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Happier, too, to know that for all its big-car luxury, it costs as little as ever to run.

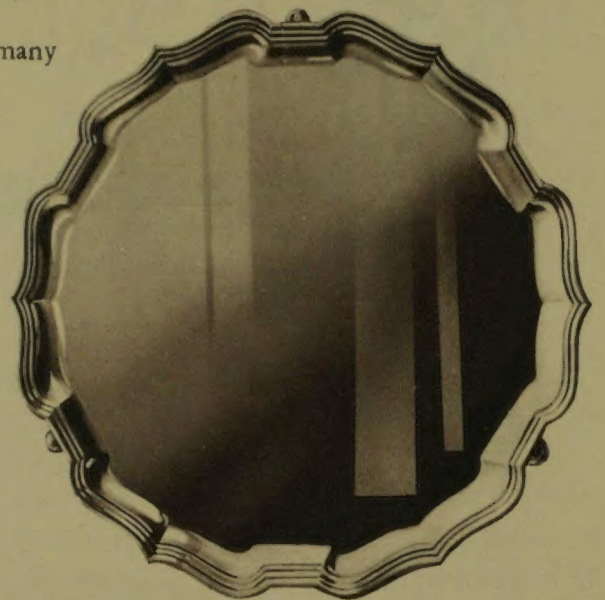
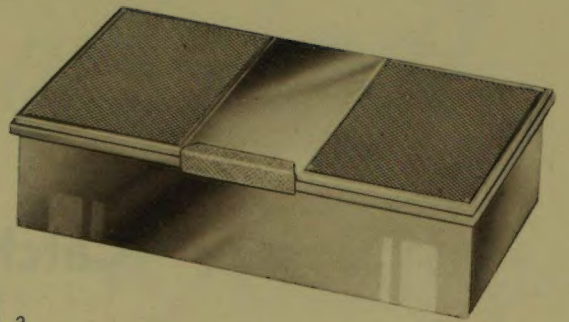
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Next time you see a Rover in heavy traffic, glance at the driver . . . notice how confident he looks . . . how comfortably relaxed. Others may fret and fidget, but not the Rover driver. He feels and *is* in complete command . . . assured of his car's instant obedience to the movement of his hand or the pressure of his foot.

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As every seasoned traveller knows, luxury and ease on his journeys comes not by hazard, but from studied, careful attention to detail. He will observe, too, how often, in such surroundings, **BENSON and HEDGES** cigarettes, made from the finest of fine tobaccos, are the obvious appropriate choice.



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SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1955.



QUEEN ELIZABETH II, GUEST OF HER GREAT-UNCLE, 82-YEAR-OLD KING HAAKON VII. OF NORWAY: THE YOUNG AND THE VETERAN SOVEREIGNS SMILING AFFECTIONATELY AT EACH OTHER IN THE ROYAL PALACE, OSLO.

The three-day State visit (first foreign visit of the reign) which the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh paid to Norway from June 24-26 was an important official event; and also the happiest of family reunions. King Haakon, who was born on August 3, 1872, married Princess Maud, third daughter of King Edward VII., and is thus the great-uncle by marriage of her Majesty; and the Crown Prince Olav is her first cousin once removed. Our young Queen conquered all hearts in Norway, and she and the Duke, who fulfilled a number of official engagements

and visited Norwegian places of interest, were given a tremendous reception by the enthusiastic crowds whenever they appeared. The Royal visitors also greatly enjoyed the family reunion which the occasion afforded, and our photograph of the two Sovereigns—the beautiful young Queen and the splendidly vigorous octogenarian King—illustrates clearly the affectionate regard in which they hold each other. It was taken at the Royal Palace on Friday, June 24, after the Royal visitors had driven through Oslo following their arrival in *Britannia*.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

COURAGE, James Barrie wrote, is "the lovely virtue." It is the virtue without which, in this world, at any rate—in some other, through God's mercy, it may be otherwise—all the other virtues are unavailing. For the essence of this world is difficulty, often immense and seemingly insoluble difficulty, and human beings can only survive and make their way in it at all by overcoming difficulties. The greater those difficulties—and as life continues they tend to thicken and grow worse—the greater the courage needed to overcome them. And the greatest and last of human difficulties is death itself. That, too, though it cannot be avoided, can be overcome, and by courage.

I was reminded of all this by the life-story of an old friend who died earlier this year. John Benson, 2nd Lord Charnwood, was the younger and only surviving son of two brilliant and literary parents—the one a Balliol don who entered Parliament and became the author of what for many years was the standard, and is probably still, the best single-volume life of Abraham Lincoln; the other a woman of great intellectual power and dominating personality who wrote several books herself, one of them containing one of the finest descriptive passages about listening to music in English literature. I was devoted to them both, for, when I was young, they were very kind to me. John was a few years junior to me, but at the same preparatory school, and a great friend of my younger brother. At that time he was a big, overgrown, rather sentimental boy, who suffered a good deal of ragging at the hands of his more normal contemporaries. He shambled about rather than walked, and talked with a lisp; we knew he was a semi-cripple, but were unaware that he had been stricken with polio at the age of five and that much of his early boyhood had been spent on crutches. Nor did we know that he was in almost constant pain and had had to have the tendons on his feet frequently cut. Nor did his disadvantages end there. When he went to Eton and later to his father's old college of Balliol, he showed a constitutional inability to pass examinations in the kind of subjects in which, as his parents' son, he was naturally expected to excel. In fact, to the narrower, more pedantic kind of conventional mind, he must have appeared an idle, stupid lad, incapable of application or serious thought. It was partly that he had outgrown his strength—he was six foot four; partly because his strong instinct for independence caused him to react stubbornly against well-meant but over-zealous attempts to make him conform to what was expected of him.

At that time I lost touch with him, for I had gone to a rival school and then into the Army. When I met him again, at a time when I used to go to dances with his two pretty and talented sisters, he was still an overgrown giant crippled by a heavy limp, but the softness and outward sentimentality which I had earlier associated with him had vanished. Instead, he had become something of what we should now call a "tough": a big, hearty fellow, with very pronounced views of his own and not very much respect for any one else's. Though with the kindest of hearts under his shuffling, bearlike exterior, he made his way about the world like a battering-ram. We spent a holiday about that time in Germany together, visiting the opera and picture-galleries at Dresden, and I can still see him, a giant in an astonishing check suit, which he had bought, I believe, in some junk-shop for £3, and at whose appearance and that of a frightful cap that crowned it, every Dresdener within a hundred yards of us would stop and stare. As we were nearly always involved in vehement controversy, I think the inhabitants must have supposed us to be some sort of itinerant international delegation from the wilder part of the Balkans. He was certainly an original and like no one else in the world.

I knew he was interested in motors and that he spent—wasted, was how it seemed to my youthful and priggish mind—most of his time on them. In fact, and at that time it was quite an original thing for a young man in his circumstances to be, he had, to the great disappointment of his parents, become a motor-mechanic, going through his apprenticeship in the shops. What I did not realise, for it was a subject of which I was profoundly ignorant, was that he was a brilliant motor-engineer. Shortly afterwards he became chief-engineer to the firm of Bamford-Martin, the original makers of the Aston-Martin racing car. At the time he joined the firm there was an epidemic of cracked chassis-frames, which always broke in the same place, and which he cured, with characteristic originality, not by strengthening but by

weakening the faulty point and so eliminating the stress-concentration. Later, he undertook research work for the London Omnibus Company. He was also a most versatile and accomplished craftsman, practising, among other things, with exquisite skill, the hobby of horology, of which he became a great enthusiast.

During the latter 'twenties and 'thirties I once more lost touch with him, hearing of him only through his sisters. But I learnt, much to my surprise, that he had become a distinguished connoisseur of claret; that he was writing musical criticisms for *The Times* and *Daily Telegraph*; that despite his lame leg he had joined the Yeomanry; and that in 1938 he had fitted up a thirty-year-old, 44-ft. Cornish lugger for a voyage round the world, in which he had set out to circumnavigate the globe. In September 1939, he was recalled to his unit just as he was about to set sail from the Peruvian coast to Easter Island. The next that I heard was that he had been wounded at Dunkirk, bringing back, with his customary skill and resource, an abandoned vessel which he had made seaworthy and filled with stranded soldiers.

For the rest of the war, being incapacitated, he served with the Experimental Establishment of the Coast and Anti-Aircraft Artillery. His duties in training stereoscopic range-finders led to his first experimental work on the subject of vision. It was this that caused him when the war was over to become a student in the Optic Department of the Northampton Polytechnic and to embrace, in his middle forties, a completely new profession. Qualifying as an ophthalmic optician, he practised in London and joined the staff of the London Refraction Hospital. "In less than eight short years," the Secretary of the British Optical Association wrote after his death, "he made an impact upon the profession that was almost meteoric, so quickly did he make his mark." His essay on Binocular Vision, published in 1950, received wide recognition, both in this country and America, and won him the Master's Prize of the Worshipful Company of Spectacle Makers and, in 1953, the rare award of the British Optical Association's Research Medal. He himself, with his habitual modesty, described his work as "a record of unrelated small attacks on a number of facets of the problem of how the brain contrives to drive the two eyes in double harness." But those attacks achieved something of lasting value in alleviating the human lot, and, had they been continued, they might have earned for the brave and brilliant man who made them fame of an even wider kind.

Yet those who remember Lord Charnwood most vividly are the poor and the old among whom he practised and to whose service he brought a wonderful tenderness, patience and gentleness. Having had so much to overcome in himself and in his own physical handicap, he had acquired with the years a deeply moving strength and generosity. Though I had heard, and with astonishment, of his new profession and the distinction he was winning in it, I only saw him once in these years, when, late for an appointment, I stopped a solitary car in the street in a snowstorm and asked for a lift, which was given with a rare and charming courtesy. I was immensely struck by the driver's face, its strength, humorous wisdom and kindness, but only when I was about to alight did I recognise my old friend or he me. I never saw him again. Last summer, just as he was about to attend the International Ophthalmological Congress in America, he developed an obscure and fatal disease which, first paralysed, and then rendered him speechless, and of which, after a long and painful illness, heroically borne, he died early this year.

Looking back, one can see that his whole life was a struggle in which exceptional talents were for long concealed and at first all but suppressed by exceptional difficulties; difficulties against which he had continually to contend and which in the end he triumphantly overcame. His struggle against ill-health and pain strengthened and sharpened his

courage to the finest edge, yet never robbed him of the sweetness and gentleness that was at the core of his nature. Original, fearless and utterly honest, he followed always his own bent, which led him far, and to the enrichment of his fellow-men, from the beaten path which, from the circumstances of his birth and upbringing, he might have been expected to follow. He became all that a man should be—just, honourable, gentle, generous and brave. His last whispered words, caught by his sister and his nurses as he lay dying, were "It doesn't matter." In a sense it doesn't, for by his life of courage, he had triumphed over himself and, in the end, over death itself.

"A LIFE OF COURAGE."



"ORIGINAL, FEARLESS AND UTTERLY HONEST . . . HE BECAME ALL THAT A MAN SHOULD BE—JUST, HONOURABLE, GENTLE, GENEROUS AND BRAVE": THE LATE JOHN BENSON, 2ND LORD CHARNWOOD.

In the article on this page Sir Arthur Bryant pays a moving tribute to an old friend of his who died this year—John Benson, 2nd Lord Charnwood. He was a man of outstanding gifts and high courage who fought against physical suffering and disadvantages. "Original, fearless and utterly honest," writes Sir Arthur, "he followed always his own bent, which led him far, and to the enrichment of his fellow men, from the beaten path which, from the circumstances of his birth and upbringing, he might have been expected to follow. He became all that a man should be—just, honourable, gentle, generous and brave." Lord Charnwood was a brilliant motor-engineer, and a courageous soldier, and was also "a most versatile and accomplished craftsman, practising, among other things, with exquisite skill, the hobby of horology . . ." After the war he qualified as an ophthalmic optician, practised in London, and joined the staff of the London Refraction Hospital. "In less than eight short years," the Secretary of the British Optical Association wrote after his death, "he made an impact upon the profession that was almost meteoric, so quickly did he make his mark." This remarkable man was born in 1901 and educated at Eton and Balliol. Commissioned in the Bedfordshire Yeomanry in 1929, he served in the Second World War with the Royal Artillery. He succeeded his father in 1945.

DEDICATIONS AND GREAT OCCASIONS, AND
BOMBS IN CYPRUS AND ARGENTINA.



THE NEW NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS OF THE BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA, NEAR NEW BRUNSWICK, NEW JERSEY, WHICH WAS OPENED AND DEDICATED ON JUNE 25. This new National Headquarters of the Boy Scouts of America was formally dedicated under the presidency of Mr. John M. Schiff, president of the National Council, Boy Scouts of America, on June 25 in the presence of about 2000 scout officials, civic officials, community leaders and their families. In front of the façade stands a statue of a Boy Scout by the late Mr. R. Tait Mackenzie. President Eisenhower sent a message of good wishes for the occasion which was read during the ceremony.



GUESTS AT THE QUATERCENTENARY CELEBRATIONS AT THE GARDEN PARTY IN THE GARDENS OF TRINITY COLLEGE, OXFORD, LINKED FOR THE OCCASION WITH THOSE OF ST. JOHN'S.



BRITISH TROOPS MAKING A SEARCH AND SECURITY CHECK AFTER RECENT CYPRUS OUTRAGES.

On June 19 began a series of terrorist bomb outrages in Cyprus, presumably the work of the Eoka organisation. On June 18 there were two incidents, one in a bar, the other in the garden of Brigadier Ricketts' house. On the night of June 20-21 there were several explosions, usually in or near police or military buildings, one in a letter-box outside the Nicosia Police H.Q., killing a passer-by. On the following night an attack was made on a police station at Amiandos, 45 miles from Nicosia, in which a police-sergeant was killed; and on June 23 tear gas was used to disperse demonstrators at the trial of five Greek youths concerned in bomb outrages of April 1.



THE SCENE OF A RECENT BOMB OUTRAGE IN THE NICOSIA NEIGHBOURHOOD IN CYPRUS, WHERE THERE HAVE BEEN SEVERAL ATTACKS.



"IT SEEMS TO BE SUCH A VERY GOOD LIKENESS": SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL AT GUILDHALL, SPEAKING AT THE UNVEILING OF HIS STATUE BY MR. OSCAR NEMON. On June 21 Sir Winston Churchill attended at Guildhall a ceremony in which the Lord Mayor, Sir Seymour Howard, unveiled the statue of Sir Winston which the Corporation of London commissioned from Mr. Oscar Nemon, and which will be installed in the new Council Chamber. The statue actually shown is a plaster cast bronzed, and it will be replaced by a statue cast in bronze. The ceremony had been arranged to be as near as possible to Sir Winston's eightieth birthday and casting would cause delay.



QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER LEAVING THE CHAPEL OF THE ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE, GREENWICH, AFTER THE SERVICE OF RE-DEDICATION ON JUNE 21.

On June 21 Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother attended the service of re-dedication of the Royal Naval College Chapel, Greenwich, after its recent redecoration; and, in addition, opened the new Queen Elizabeth II. Ante-room, which has been converted into a large reception hall.



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, BUENOS AIRES: A BOMB HOLE RESULTING FROM THE INSURGENTS' AIR-RAID.

During the air raids on Government House, Buenos Aires, in the course of the rebellion on June 16, reported in our last issue, about twenty-five bombs in all were dropped by the insurgents' aircraft, and it has been stated that eight of these fell on Government House and destroyed the middle of the building. Aircraft also shelled the building.

THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE SPEND THREE DAYS IN OSLO: EVENTS OF THE MEMORABLE STATE VISIT TO NORWAY.



ARRIVING IN OSLO ON JUNE 24: THE QUEEN WALKING WITH KING HAAKON (RIGHT), FOLLOWED BY THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, THE CROWN PRINCE OLAV AND PRINCESS ASTRID.



ESCORTED BY HER GREAT-UNCLE, KING HAAKON: THE QUEEN AFTER LANDING AT OSLO. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH MAY BE SEEN BEHIND HER MAJESTY.



ON BOARD *FELM*, AMUNDSEN'S POLAR SHIP: THE QUEEN (CENTRE; FLOWERED DRESS) WITH KING HAAKON (RIGHT) AND THE DUKE (FACING CAMERA).



EXAMINING ONE OF THE VIKING SHIPS WHICH DATE FROM C. 800 A.D.: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH HEARING DETAILS OF THE CRAFT.



THE GARDEN PARTY AT THE BRITISH EMBASSY ON JUNE 25 FOR MEMBERS OF THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH RESIDENT IN NORWAY: THE QUEEN PLANTING A TREE.



WATCHING CHILDREN IN TRADITIONAL COSTUME OF THE SETESDAL PERFORMING NATIONAL DANCES: THE QUEEN (CENTRE BACKGROUND) AT THE FOLK MUSEUM, BYGDØ.



LEAVING THE HOTEL AT HOLMENKOLLEN (THE CANADIAN LEGATION) WITH THE CANADIAN MINISTER TO OSLO, MR. RONNING: THE QUEEN.



BEFORE "PEER GYNT" AT THE NATIONAL THEATRE: (FROM CENTRE, L. TO R., IN FRONT) KING HAAKON, THE QUEEN, THE DUKE, AND CROWN PRINCE OLAV; AND, BEHIND, PRINCE HARALD, PRINCESS ASTRID AND PRINCESS RAGNILD.



LEAVING ST. EDMUND'S ANGLICAN CHURCH: THE QUEEN, WITH THE BISHOP OF FULHAM, WHOSE DIOCESE INCLUDES THE BRITISH COMMUNITY IN OSLO.



LAYING A WREATH ON THE MONUMENTAL TO FORTY-TWO MEMBERS OF THE RESISTANCE MOVEMENT SHOT THERE BY THE GERMANS: THE QUEEN AT AKERSHUS FORTRESS, ON JUNE 24.



PAYING TRIBUTE TO 102 BRITISH COMMONWEALTH SERVICEMEN KILLED IN NORWAY IN THE 1939-1945 WAR: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE AT *FESTEN GRØNLEND* (WESTERN CEMETERY) WITH MR. J. C. AIRD, BRITISH CONSUL (CENTRE).



THE ROYAL PARTY AT THE PALACE, OSLO: (L. TO R.; SEATED) KING HAAKON, THE QUEEN, AND CROWN PRINCE OLAV, AND (STANDING) PRINCESS ASTRID, THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, PRINCE HARALD AND PRINCESS RAGNILD.



ACCEPTING FOR THE DUKE OF CORNWALL FROM MR. THOR HEYERDAHL A MODEL OF THE RAFT *ARF-TIE*, IN WHICH HE MADE HIS VOYAGE: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE.

THE programme of the State visit to Oslo enabled the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh to see many of the notable sights of the Norwegian capital. Crown Prince Olav came aboard *Britannia* to welcome the Royal visitors on June 24, and King Haakon with his grandchildren, Prince Harald and Princess Astrid, greeted them

admiration for "the unswerving courage and resolution" shown by King Haakon in the war. On the Saturday the programme included visits to the Viking ships, Amundsen's polar ship and the *Kon-Tiki* raft, while the Queen also attended a garden party at the British Embassy given H.E. by the British Ambassador, the Indian Ambassador (represented by the Chargé d'Affaires) and the Canadian and Pakistani Ministers. The evening was occupied by a gala performance of the first three acts of "Peer Gynt" at the National Theatre. On Sunday the Royal visitors attended St. Edmund's Church of the British community in Oslo, which lies in the diocese of the Bishop of Fulham, who preached. Mr. Macmillan, who had flown over the North Pole from the United States, read one lesson and the Duke of Edinburgh the other. Lunch took place at Crown

Prince Olav's country house, and in the evening the Norwegian Royal family dined on board *Brillannia* before she sailed for England from Oslo Fjord at 9.30 that night. The tremendous enthusiasm which the visit of the Queen and the Duke roused made the occasion an unforgettable one.

ROYAL AND NOTABLE OCCASIONS, A SOLAR ECLIPSE, AND A BABY ARMADILLO.



H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER OPENING THE NEW MATERNITY WING OF THE RUTLAND MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, AT OAKHAM, ON JUNE 21.

On June 21 the Duchess of Gloucester visited Oakham to open the new Maternity Wing of the Rutland Memorial Hospital. Among those present were the Lord-Lieutenant of the county, Mr. W. M. Codrington; Sir Basil Gibson, Chairman of the Sheffield Regional Hospital Board; Lord and Lady Gretton and the U.S. Air Attaché, Brigadier-General J. Sterling. While at Oakham the Duchess unveiled a memorial plaque to the late Colonel H. A. Berger, of the U.S. Army.



THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER INSPECTING THE CADET FORCE OF THE ROYAL MASONIC BOYS' SCHOOL AT BUSHEY, TO WHICH HE HAD TRAVELLED BY HELICOPTER. THE FORCE IS ATTACHED TO THE LONDON RIFLE BRIGADE.



THE HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR PAKISTAN, MR. M. IKRAMULLAH, UNVEILING A PLAQUE TO MR. JINNAH IN KENSINGTON.

On June 22 the High Commissioner for Pakistan unveiled a plaque erected by the L.C.C. on the wall of 35, Russell Road, Kensington, recording that "Quaid-i-Azam Mohammed Ali Jinnah, 1876-1948, founder of Pakistan, stayed here in 1895."



THE FINISH OF THE GREYHOUND DERBY, SHOWING MR. AND MRS. JOHNSTON'S RUSHTON MAC, BEATING BARROWSIDE BY THREE-QUARTERS OF A LENGTH.

In the final of the Greyhound Derby, run at the White City on June 25, *Rushton Mac*, owned by Mr. and Mrs. F. Johnston, of Cheshire, beat the odds-on favourite, *Barrowside*, by three-quarters of a length. The winner was returned at 5 to 1. The Greyhound Derby is run over 525 yards.



A NEW—AND DIFFICULT TO REAR—ZOO BABY: ALBERT THE ARMADILLO, A SURVIVOR OF TWINS, WEIGHT AT BIRTH, 5 OZS.



WITH THE VICAR AND A MODEL OF ST. MARK'S NEW CHURCH HALL: FIELD MARSHAL LORD MONTGOMERY. Field Marshal Lord Montgomery on June 25 laid the foundation-stone of a new church hall for St. Mark's, Kennington, which is being built in memory of his father, Bishop Montgomery, who was once Vicar of St. Mark's. Lord Montgomery was born in the Vicarage in 1887.



WATCHING THE ECLIPSE OF THE SUN IN HONG KONG: PEDESTRIANS GAZING UP THROUGH SMOKED GLASSES.

Perfect visibility enabled Chinese scientists in Peking to obtain photographs of the eclipse of the sun (there only partial) on June 20. In Hong Kong a rain-storm hid the climax at 1 p.m., but technical observations were made by the Hong Kong Royal Observatory, and pedestrians gazed through smoked glasses. Some school students looked at the sun's reflection in a bowl of darkened water.



THE GREAT HALL OF ALEXANDRA PALACE UNDER REPAIR: THE FAMOUS ORGAN SURROUNDED BY SCAFFOLDING.

Repairs to the Great Hall of Alexandra Palace are in progress. It is being re-roofed with alloy metal and glass, and the floor is being relaid. When repairs to the hall are finished the famous organ, whose size may be gauged by comparison with the men shown, will be put in order. Fifty men are at work on the hall, and repairs will cost several thousand pounds.

FROM BOTH SIDES OF THE ATLANTIC: SOME RECENT NEWS ITEMS RECORDED BY THE CAMERA.



IN THE CENTRE OF SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH: A "GARAGE ON STILTS" FOR 542 CARS BUILT OVER THE BACKYARD PREMISES OF A DEPARTMENT STORE. This photograph shows how Salt Lake City, Utah, U.S.A., is handling the garaging of cars. This self-parking garage for 542 cars was built over the backyard delivery premises of a department store. The five parking floors were cast, one at a time, starting from the top, around forty precast concrete columns.



JOINING THE CANADIAN SHORE OF THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER TO BARNHART ISLAND, ON THE AMERICAN SIDE: THE 4000-FT. COFFERDAM BEING COMPLETED. With the completion of a 4000-ft. cofferdam near Cornwall, Ontario, joining the Canadian shore of the St. Lawrence River to Barnhart Island, on the American side, work can now begin on the huge powerhouse and dam that are to form an important part of the St. Lawrence Power Project. The cofferdam—the final gap in which is seen being closed in this photograph—consists of a series of circular cells, formed by interlocking steel plates, steam-hammered into the river-bed and filled with rock and earth.



AT A CEREMONY AT THE R.A.M.C. DEPOT AT CROOKHAM, HAMPSHIRE: THE LATE LIEUT.-COLONEL A. MARTIN-LEAKE'S V.C. AND BAR HANDED OVER TO HIS CORPS. The Victoria Cross and Bar won by the late Lieut.-Colonel A. Martin-Leake, R.A.M.C., who died two years ago, were, in accordance with his will, handed over to his corps on June 26 at Queen Elizabeth Barracks, the R.A.M.C. depot at Crookham, Hampshire. Dr. H. Martin-Leake (left) handed his cousin's decorations to Major-General R. D. Cameron (right), representative Colonel Commandant of the R.A.M.C.



THE START OF THE TRANSATLANTIC TELEPHONE CABLE PROJECT: THE FIRST SECTION BEING HAULED ASHORE FROM MONARCH AT CLARENVILLE, NEWFOUNDLAND. On June 22 the British cable-laying ship *Monarch* started paying out the first section of the first direct telephone link between Britain and North America at Clarenville, Newfoundland. The service will be in operation by late 1956 and will have thirty-six circuits. The whole cable project is the joint undertaking of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, the Canadian Overseas Telecommunications Corporation, the Eastern Telephone and Telegraph Company and the General Post Office.



CALL-BOXES GO TO THE CALLERS: A MOBILE PUBLIC TELEPHONE UNIT PROVIDED BY THE POST OFFICE PRIMARILY TO MEET EMERGENCY NEEDS. The Post Office is providing a new service in the shape of a 24-ft-long red van which contains ten public telephones in individual well-lit cubicles. The new van, with its 60 yards of cable, is intended primarily to meet emergency needs in London and the Home Counties.



RAISED FROM THE SEA-BED IN PORTLAND HARBOUR: THE ILL-FATED SUBMARINE SIDON, SUPPORTED BY FOUR BUOYANCY TANKS EACH 33 FT. LONG. On June 23 the 1000-ton submarine *Sidon* was brought to the surface in Portland Harbour a week after she sank there. On the following day she was beached on the edge of the harbour, and during the week-end the bodies of the thirteen men who lost their lives when the submarine sank after an explosion were recovered. Torpedo experts made a minute inspection of the compartment in which the explosion occurred on June 16.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S ELDEST DAUGHTER—A TRAGIC FIGURE.

*"The Empress Frederick Writes to Sophie, Her Daughter, Crown Princess, and later, Queen of the Hellenes." Letters 1889-1901, Edited by Arthur Gould Lee. With an introduction by H.M. Queen Helen, Queen Mother of Roumania.**

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

THE Empress Frederick of Germany—Empress briefly while her superb husband was dying of cancer—Empress for a few months. She married, as did her mother, the only man she wanted to marry. They were a perfect pair both domestically and in their mental relations. She had liberal ideas, as had her husband: as soon as she arrived in Germany, and her nature (and influence with her husband) was spotted by the ferocious fossils of Prussia, she was destined for persecution by Bismark (who was as unscrupulous and brutal as Hitler, but by no means so silly) and his reptile Press as "the Englishwoman." She certainly was that: but she wanted to bring her husband's country into peaceful collaboration with her own. Her tribulations under Bismark, and under her impetuous and conceited son, Wilhelm II. (who never ceased to remind her that he was more her Sovereign than her Son), have long been known through her letters to her Mother. There has also been much discussion of the vile imputations that she got her husband killed by insisting on the employment of an English doctor. In this new volume we get little of the indignant wife. What we get is a loving mother, writing on every subject from botany to sanitation, and general gossip, to a greatly-loved daughter married to the Crown Prince of the still-backward Kingdom of Greece. Until her death she tried to keep Sophie's courage up—that daughter who had ultimately to face exile, as most of their relations ultimately had to face dethronement or butchery, the ghosts of the French Revolutionaries still being at work. But to me the most interesting of these new letters are the latest: she was dying, and knew it, but her mother's spirit, and the memory of her husband, were bright in her.

In the spring of 1899, after warnings of impending trouble, she received her death sentence; she was suffering from the disease which had killed her husband. "From now on, the Empress, knowing that she was doomed, but hoping at first to hold the disease at bay—'I shall enjoy having my children and grandchildren for a long time,' she told Reischach—faced her dread future fearlessly, endured her agonies with fortitude, and never ceased to keep up her active interest in all that affected her family and the three countries she loved." Her Hofmarschall records that she disclosed her state to him calmly, not in order to obtain sympathy but to lead him to reduce her public engagements. Now and then she allowed her daughter to have a glimpse at the depression underneath the brave surface. "What shall older ones do who are tired and weary, and who have been sorely wounded in life's battles, who have lost their helpmates and comfort, whose future has passed into other hands, who have lost their illusions and whose hearts are full of disappointment?" But it wasn't long after that that she was delivering herself, for the benefit of Sophie's father-in-law, of her opinions on the subject of Balkan unity. "I am glad the Prince of Montenegro went to Athens. All these States ought to stick together as much as they can, as they are neighbours. It is true their interests are very conflicting at times, but still it is not impossible to smooth away some of the difficulties and differences that keep them apart, and they have a common interest both in resisting Turkish oppression and staving off an invasion from the north"—the North is in the Balkans now with a vengeance!

Queen Victoria's views about the Dreyfus case are made clear. "I had a letter from dear Grandmama, dreadfully upset about Dreyfus' condemnation and she thinks it wicked and abominable. It certainly produces an immense sensation. Who can ever trust and believe those generals again after forging, lying, swearing false oaths, etc. I am sorry for all reasonable and nice Frenchmen, who must feel so distressed and humiliated at this shameful affair, and so grieved at the abominable mess their poor country has got into . . . if true patriots they will not allow their country to become

the prey of wolves and jackals." She switches to South Africa: "I am dreadfully afraid we shall have war with the Transvaal. The sacrifice for England will be awful, but I do not see how one can make more concessions to Kruger, and allow him to promise a thing one day and retract it the next." She got lumbago and had to stay in bed. "My other pains were very bad again yesterday. Having two sorts of pain at once is rather much! . . . What will all my institutions at Berlin say, that expect me, want me, and wait for me?" But her sufferings and worries did not preclude her from comforting Sophie in her troubles. "My poor Sophie dear, it makes me miserable that you are so depressed and low-spirited. It worried me to think of that wet pocket-handkerchief! I wish I could cheer you up, my darling, and make things seem brighter

at France, plunged from one system into another, a series of convulsions have shaken her to the foundations, and when will she ever regain her equilibrium and steadiness?"

As for conditions being primitive in Greece, Sophie read this: "I must tell you, when I was a young thing, forty years ago, Berlin was an awful hole. No drainage, fearful pavements, awful smells. I spent the first year without W.C., baths or water to be got at, no cupboards for my clothes, my things had all to remain in boxes. The servants horrified me by their dishonesty and impertinence, their rough, untidy, dirty ways, their disobedience. A lady was nothing, not to be listened to." "I," she went on—the ardent constitutionalist and liberal reformer—"had to conquer my bit of independence bit by bit. . . . Then for years the interference with all we did. We had no liberty, you, thank God, have plenty. You are beloved. Then came the long years when we were trodden down under the iron heel of Bismark, it often was a 'purgatory,' the intrigues that raged around us. When the time came for us to be able to be of real use to the country, death snatched away all. All this I only say to show you that others have had their difficulties, too, and that you must not lose heart."

Those last words seem to me to be as good advice from any mother to any daughter, or from any father to any son, as could be given. Her mother, who had an even more powerful character than she, if less intelligence, general knowledge, and taste, would, in similar circumstances, have given similar advice. Each lived in the light of the Browningsque precept of never flinching, marching breast-forward, and never doubting clouds would break—provided that the clouds had some co-operation. Her mother died a few months before herself. "What a Queen she was, and what a woman! What will life be to me without her, the wretched bit of life left to me, struggling with a cruel disease? How her affection and sympathy used to cheer and help and comfort me. Now all that is gone. My dear home in England, my home no longer." Even in the few weeks after that she still kept her grip and wrote about rescuing Greek statues from

the bottom of the sea, prison-reform, the success of a soup kitchen—"Peoples' baths and peoples' libraries must follow."

She died. "The devotion that the Emperor William showed at his mother's death-bed, however sincere, did not prevent his repeating, at Friedrichshof, the scenes that Friedrichskron had witnessed in 1888. Within a few hours of her death, her home was under guard by troops, while special police searched every room. If they were looking for letters, those to Queen Victoria had already been taken to England by Sir Frederick Ponsonby, and those to Sophie were safely in Athens." She and the Emperor Frederick, both with the noblest dreams, local and international, in their heads, had reigned for three months, he dying of cancer, with the traditional Prussian vultures (or eagles) hovering above him, and she—a sort of mixture of the

Prince Consort and Florence Nightingale—knowing that she was "for it" as "the Englishwoman," and that all her ideas were to be damned as English ideas. Had that noble pair—he, though a Hohenzollern, and a good soldier, hated war and aggression, and vindictiveness—reigned for but ten years, the whole history of the world might have been different, and changed for the better. But that is a matter of "If" and of what Lord Samuel, in an essay written forty years ago, called "The Science of Hypothetics." "Why," I can hear some "democrat" mumbling, "should so much depend upon the character and fate of a member of the Royal European Caste." Well, if he prefers Stalin, Hitler and Mussolini to the Emperor and Empress Frederick, let him. Perhaps he likes the present state of the world.

Air-Vice Marshal Lee has done his work of selecting, and linking, perfectly. And the Queen Mother of Roumania adds a brief and extremely moving and affectionate introduction.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 38 of this issue.



THE EMPRESS FREDERICK WITH HER DAUGHTERS, PRINCESS VICTORIA AND MARGARET, AND, STANDING, PRINCESS SOPHIE AND HER HUSBAND, CROWN PRINCE CONSTANTINE OF GREECE, IN 1889.

(From the Windsor Castle Library. Reproduced by gracious permission of H.M. the Queen.)

Illustrations reproduced from the book "The Empress Frederick Writes to Sophie"; by courtesy of the publisher, Faber and Faber.

and more cheerful around you. The short time I was there, I did so love Tatoi and Athens, and I have always a longing to get back, but we are different and have different tastes, all the discomforts and imperfections are nothing compared with the joy of looking at that sky, those hills, that colouring,

those rocks and plants, but then you know I live (3 quarters) with my eyes, and as you do not paint, of course all these joys are lost upon you."

Sophie, it seems, had been complaining about the backwardness of Greece, and her own discomforts and frustrations, and was treated by her doomed mother to a regular dissertation on history and *per ardua ad astra*. "All the neglect and untidiness can be put straight," said she, and reminded her daughter of "all the valiant English ladies" who, in the wilds of India and the backwoods of all the world, had contrived "to force civilized habits and some sort of method and order to follow them wherever they are, and in whatever climate they may have to live." God had given her, she was reminded, in Tino a good, clever and handsome husband. She should think of the future. "The Greek peasant is the born gentleman of Europe," and if the Greek upper classes, with all their intelligence, were not yet as public-spirited as they should be, centuries of Turkish rule had made it inevitable that emergence into full civilisation would be slow. "I am sure with steady work, patience and perseverance, all will transform and improve. Changes can only come gradually, and slowly. All sudden and violent shocks are artificial, and bring a bad reaction with them. Look



THE EMPEROR FREDERICK III. IN 1887. HE WAS GERMAN EMPEROR FROM MARCH 9, 1888, UNTIL HIS DEATH ON JUNE 15 OF THE SAME YEAR. HE MARRIED PRINCESS VICTORIA, QUEEN VICTORIA'S ELDEST DAUGHTER, IN 1858.



THE EMPRESS IN 1884 AS CROWN PRINCESS OF GERMANY. SHE WAS BORN IN 1840 AND DIED IN 1901, THE SAME YEAR AS HER MOTHER, QUEEN VICTORIA. HER SON BECAME KAISER WILLIAM II.

(From the portrait by Heinrich von Angeli. Reproduced by permission of the Trustees of the Wallace Collection.)

* "The Empress Frederick Writes to Sophie, Her Daughter, Crown Princess, and later, Queen of the Hellenes." Letters 1889-1901, Edited by Arthur Gould Lee. With an Introduction by her Majesty Queen Helen, Queen Mother of Roumania. Illustrated. (Faber and Faber; 25s.)

ON Sunday evening, June 19, the West German Chancellor left London Airport for home, seen off by the British Prime Minister. All the previous day Dr. Adenauer had been engaged in conversations in the United States with Mr. Dulles, Mr. Macmillan, and M. Pinay. He merely dropped in here for another day's work and busied himself when he reached Bonn—after a considerable delay while a wheel-door on his aircraft was being repaired—with an announcement on the subject of his visits. His sharpest critics cannot accuse him of taking life too easily. Before he left our country he said that the Government of the Federal Republic would be faithful to its treaties with the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation and Western European Union. In paying tribute to his energy it should be noted that hardly a step which he has taken has been easy. He has had to battle for all his great achievements and has suffered some set-backs—one at home recently in the postponement of the creation of Western German defence forces.

Meanwhile the partners in his American talks had flown from New York to San Francisco for celebrations of the tenth anniversary of the foundation of the United Nations. Everyone has been polite about these, though no one has ventured to say that the institution has fulfilled such hopes as it aroused ten years ago. The political importance of the occasion is, however, that it affords an opportunity for preparation for the Geneva Conference. In that respect the political atmosphere was hopeful. Dr. Adenauer in his cautious way, M. Pinay more boldly, both gave the impression that they expected from the conference some definite progress towards the easing of international strain. At the same time, both made some significant remarks on the need to maintain the policy of alliance. One would not, said M. Pinay, tear up an insurance policy because an architect said that one's house was well designed.

We may go so far as to say that this "top level" conference is the most promising prospect for a number of years. It is well, however, to ask ourselves what we mean by that, what it is reasonable to look for. The impression that there is some political magic at the summit which is not to be found in the exchanges of ordinary diplomacy is erroneous. Without doubt a new impulsion may be given at the summit of a kind unlikely to be provided on the lower slopes. Misunderstandings may be cleared up more rapidly. This is why such conferences are worth while holding at favourable periods. But to suppose that a policy differing from that held before the conference is likely to result after it is over is moonshine. Great nations do not so order their foreign relations, and, least of all, the Soviet Union. When they change their policies they do so in council at home.

A great deal of evidence has accumulated to show that Soviet Russia is in a more accommodating mood than at any time since the war, though whether accommodation is intended to be temporary or permanent is a subject on which observers differ, and points a question difficult to answer. What may we expect in the way of proposals from its side? In trying to answer that question I am inclined, to start with, to retract much of what I have previously written on the subject of Russian designs for a neutralised block of nations between the holders of conflicting ideologies. I was commenting on the Austrian treaty and the example of a newly neutralised State which Austria provided. I said that the idea was evidently attractive to the Russians—though there had not been a whisper about neutralisation of any of their own satellites—and that we might expect efforts to extend it, to Germany first.

I was not in error about Russia's views on the scheme; in fact, Mr. Molotov had said in Vienna that he hoped other nations would imitate Austria. Less and less has since been heard about the matter. The most obvious explanation is that it was greeted so coldly that it did not seem worth while to pursue it. Imagine for one moment the effect on French public opinion of the appearance of a neutralised Central Europe, with a rearméd Germany in the midst of it. The reaction of Bonn was no less unfavourable. Even more chilling from the Russian point of view was the fact that the Communist protégés of Berlin seemed to dislike the proposal as much as anyone. So, if I was right about Russia's original intentions, as I think I was, I was apparently wrong in my belief that she would reach the stage of acting upon them.

It is probable that another factor in this development is to be found in the Russian visit to Belgrade. In this case we must be more cautious in our appreciation; but to say that suggestions of Yugoslav neutrality were badly received there is not necessarily to deny that Russia reaped some advantages from the talks. The impression that Marshal Tito told the Russians

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

THE PROGRESS OF THE NEUTRALITY CAMPAIGN.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

that he did not intend to back out of his engagements in the Balkan Pact is general, and this apart from his own public statements. He doubtless emphasised his independence, but this has always been a feature of his policy; if there is a difference now, it is one of light and shade. In short, it seems that the well-backed horse is going to be a non-starter. The question is whether another candidate in the stable, now being galloped by trainer Molotov, possesses form which will entitle him to the consideration of the betting-ring.

bigger affair than that foreshadowed by the neutrality scheme. It would cover all Europe, the N.A.T.O. countries, Soviet Russia, and the satellites. On the other hand, we may be pretty sure that it would be inspired not only by desire for security but by another object as well. In its simplest form it would break up N.A.T.O., or, at all events, reduce it to a shadow of its former self. And that would accord closely with one apparent feature of Russian foreign policy.

Russia objects to N.A.T.O. not only as a treaty of alliance, but also—indeed, much more—because it brings forces and bases of the United States and the United Kingdom to the European continent to assist in providing for the defence of the West. N.A.T.O. is anathema to Russia, and more so since the accession of the Federal Republic of Germany than before this took place. To be fair, I should add that in this dislike there may be an element of genuine anxiety about the intentions of N.A.T.O. in the mind of a highly suspicious Government. In the political war Russia has never ceased to wage a campaign against N.A.T.O., though with varying energy. The neutrality scheme would have been a fatal blow to it. Threats having failed, then neutrality, gentleness might be more successful. And this would come at a time when some of the nations in N.A.T.O. had already lightened the weight of their armaments, and some others, including our own, were being pressed to do so.

N.A.T.O. is not an object in itself. Were the need for it to cease it would be abolished. That does not mean that it ought to be abolished merely because the situation looked a bit brighter; but it depends in the last resort on popular opinion in the nations signatory to the treaty, and if they were to be persuaded that the situation had brightened, so much as to render it no longer necessary, there would be great difficulty in maintaining it, even in a weakened form. I can think of no factor in international affairs which it is more important to impress on popular opinion than that N.A.T.O. was laboriously created to do a job, and that it must be kept in being until that job is accomplished without a peradventure. I am not in pessimistic mood about the future, but I am certain that

N.A.T.O. is now as vital a need as ever.

Russia has been stiffening the satellites. She will go to Geneva with the feeling that she has strength behind her to use as bargaining power. And she will doubtless bargain strenuously. Yet if she genuinely desires to ease the tension she will be prepared to make reasonable concessions. The West should therefore be firm, but not obstinate. Its representatives ought not to—and it may be taken for granted that they will not—agree to a system of collective security in such a form as would preclude the effective maintenance of military alliances on the European continent. It will be fair and reasonable to hammer home the point that in her own system of alliances, the satellite bloc, she has created and lately strengthened a military system which is much more closely integrated than that of N.A.T.O., because it is directed absolutely by the authority of one Government, that of Russia herself. Neither Russia nor the satellites maintain even the fiction that the so-called "Eastern N.A.T.O." is a free partnership. On both sides it is admitted that Russia is the boss.

The other great problem is that of the reunion of Germany. This is the policy of the Government and of the Opposition in the Federal Republic, as it is that of the Communist Government of Eastern Germany. Reunion baited the hook of neutrality, though the bait was not taken. If any of the free world's leading statesmen were to say now that reunion would have to be postponed for a while, or that this was not the best moment for discussing it, he would arouse a storm of anger all through Germany. And yet, logically, it should await a better opportunity. As matters stand, the impression cannot be avoided that in present circumstances the effect of it would be to remove Western Germany from her place among the defenders of the West. I have been convinced since the day partition was seen to have begun, that it would not last. Reunion will come, and perhaps it will not take long. At this moment there appears to be small prospect of achieving it in a manner which would be fair or profitable to Germany herself.

The second half of the year starts with good prospects. At the risk of saying the same thing too often I will, however, end with a plea that expectations should not be pitched too high. We may well hope to make progress toward security before the year is out; it is humanly certain that this progress will not be sensational. The celebrations in San Francisco recall the fact that it has taken us ten years to get as far as we have got. For years it seemed impossible to reconcile the full freedom of Western Germany with French anxieties. It was done in the long run. It is the long run we have to prepare for in business of this kind.



THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE UNITED NATIONS: PRESIDENT EISENHOWER (AT THE TRIBUNE) OPENING THE CELEBRATIONS AT SAN FRANCISCO ON JUNE 20.



"IT SEEMS FITTING THAT I, TO-DAY, SPEAK PRINCIPALLY IN TERMS OF MY COUNTRY'S UNSWERVING LOYALTY TO THE UNITED NATIONS AND OF THE REASONS FOR OUR TIRELESS SUPPORT OF IT": PRESIDENT EISENHOWER, SPEAKING AT THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY SESSION.

The Charter of the United Nations was signed at San Francisco on June 26, 1945; and the tenth anniversary session of the United Nations was also held in San Francisco on June 20 this year. The opening speech was made by President Eisenhower, who said that the United States would "reject no method, however novel, that holds out any hope, however faint, for a just and lasting peace." On June 21 Mr. Harold Macmillan reviewed the record of the United Nations and looked forward to its future prospects; and on June 22 Mr. Molotov described in some detail all Russia's peace proposals. About this conference Captain Falls writes on this page: "The political importance of the occasion is, however, that it affords an opportunity for preparation for the Geneva Conference"; and a series of dinners attended by the Foreign Ministers of the four Great Powers who were to meet at Geneva were probably of the highest significance.

Supposing "Neutrality" is to be scratched, "Mutual Security" is likely to carry the Russian colours. This candidate had already been tipped by the proprietor, Marshal Bulganin, at Warsaw. As a proposition, it is far less objectionable, and therefore more attractive. We should all at one time have rejoiced in any such prospect, and we need not here pause to ask why the United Nations does not already provide the boon. It would, of course, be a much

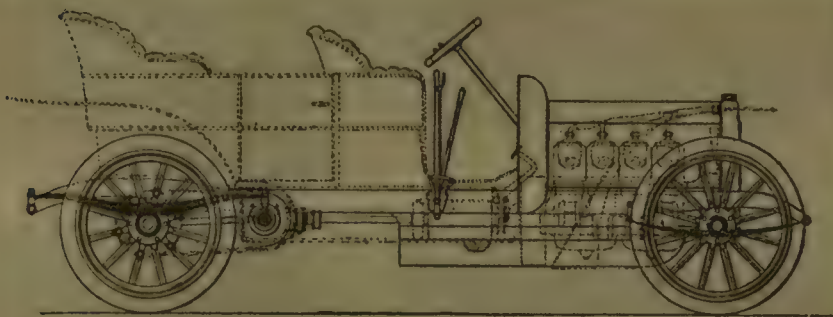
THE JUBILEE OF THE AUSTIN MOTOR COMPANY: SOME LANDMARKS IN MOTORING HISTORY.



AUSTIN'S MOTOR WORKS: THE ORIGINAL FACTORY FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1906. PARTS OF THIS BUILDING STILL STAND, SURROUNDED BY THE MODERN 260-ACRE PLANT.



LONG BEFORE THE THEN MR. AUSTIN BUILT HIS FACTORY HE WAS EXPERIMENTING IN CAR DESIGN; AND IS HERE SEEN (LEFT) DRIVING HIS FIRST TILLER-STEERED THREE-WHEELER, BUILT IN 1895.



A DRAWING OF THE FIRST AUSTIN CAR. A NUMBER OF ORDERS WERE BOOKED WHILE IT WAS STILL ON PAPER AND THE COMPANY TO BUILD IT NOT YET IN EXISTENCE.



THE FIRST AUSTIN CAR TO BE PRODUCED AFTER THE 1914-18 WAR. IT HAD A COMPLETELY NEW DESIGN, WAS OF 20 H.P., AND COST ONLY £495.



THE LATE MR. HERBERT AUSTIN (AS HE THEN WAS) AT THE WHEEL OF THE FIRST AUSTIN CAR BUILT AT THE NEW AUSTIN FACTORY. A 1906 PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN DURING A DEMONSTRATION TO SOME FRIENDS AND JOURNALISTS.



MR. HARRY AUSTIN (BROTHER OF THE LATE LORD AUSTIN) WITH THE THREE AUSTIN "SEVENS": (L. TO R.) THE SINGLE CYLINDER 1909; THE 1922 "BABY"; AND THE PRESENT A.30 "SEVEN."

Next Saturday (July 9) the Austin Motor Company is celebrating its jubilee, the fiftieth anniversary of the Longbridge factory; and to this jubilee, at which some 20,000 guests are expected, distributors and dealers from Australia, New Zealand and South Africa are being brought in specially chartered airliners. Among the various celebrations before and after this date may be mentioned the Veteran Car Club's Silver Jubilee Rally, in which teams of veteran cars from various foreign countries and different areas of Great Britain are to compete in a gymkhana. When the factory was first started at Longbridge by the late Herbert Austin it employed under 250 people, and in the first year of its life produced 120 vehicles,



ONE OF THE MOST SUCCESSFUL FAMILY CARS EVER PRODUCED BY THE COMPANY: THE 1937 AUSTIN CAMBRIDGE "TEN." THE NAME "CAMBRIDGE" IS RETAINED IN PRESENT MODELS.

nearly all cars. To-day the enlarged factory, covering 260 acres, employs over 20,000 people, who build more than 120 Austin vehicles every working hour; and the firm has produced to date over 2,300,000 cars and commercial vehicles. We reproduce here a number of photographs of landmarks in the history of the firm, and, indeed, of motoring and a drawing as well of "Number One," the first Austin car for which orders were received (after the exhibition of the drawing at the Olympia Motor Show of November 1905), before there was even a factory to build it. It was chain-driven, listed as 25-30 h.p. and had four separate T-shaped vertical cylinders of 4½-in. bore and 5-in stroke.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO SCOTLAND: SOME HER MAJESTY AND THE DUKE OF

OF THE ENGAGEMENTS FULFILLED BY EDINBURGH NORTH OF THE BORDER.



DURING HIS TOUR OF THE CALEDONIA FLOUR MILL AT LEITH: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH IN CONVERSATION WITH A LORRY DRIVER, WHO EXPLAINED THE TECHNIQUE OF MANŒUVRING AN EIGHT-WHEEL TRUCK.



DURING HIS SIX-HOUR TOUR OF THE ROYAL HIGHLAND SHOW: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH LOOKING AT EXHIBITS AT THE SCOTTISH WOOL MARKETING BOARD STAND.



AT A CEREMONY IN EDINBURGH ON JUNE 30: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH RECEIVING THE DIPLOMA OF FELLOWSHIP OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS OF EDINBURGH.



MEET BY MR ALASTAIR YOUNG: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ARRIVING, LATE, AT THE CARPET FACTORY IN BRIDGETON AFTER HIS HELICOPTER HAD MADE AN EMERGENCY LANDING.



WEARING A FITTED COAT OF ZEBRA-STRIPPED SILK: HER MAJESTY ARRIVING ALONE AT THE CARPET FACTORY OF JAMES TEMPLETON AND CO. IN BRIDGETON, WHERE THE DUKE JOINED HER LATER.



ACCOMPANIED BY MR. J. P. GLASS, CHAIRMAN OF THE PLANT: THE QUEEN TOURING THE FACTORY IN BRIDGETON, WHERE THE CARPETS FOR THREE SUCCESSIVE CORONATIONS WERE MADE.

ON June 20 H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh started a Royal visit to Scotland in which he was joined two days later by Her Majesty the Queen. On the opening day the Duke visited Daniel Stewart's College in Edinburgh, which is celebrating its centenary: attended a luncheon given in his honour by the Edinburgh Merchant Company in the Merchants' Hall; toured Rank's Caledonia Flour Mill at Leith and, in the evening, was admitted an Honorary Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh and was later entertained at dinner, when he made an excellent and amusing speech. The next day was almost entirely devoted by the Duke to a six-hour tour of the Royal Highland and Agricultural Society's Show at Corstorphine, Edinburgh. The Duke, who is this year's President of the Society, showed a lively and knowledgeable interest in the exhibits. On June 22 the Queen, who had travelled overnight by rail from London, waited for more than 30 minutes



ON A NEW 80-ACRE SITE AT CORSTORPHINE, EDINBURGH: THE ROYAL HIGHLAND AND AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY'S SHOW ON THE OPENING DAY, SHOWING A GENERAL VIEW OF THE STOCK PARADE.



AT THE ROYAL HIGHLAND SHOW: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH BEING GIVEN A SHEPHERD'S CROWN BY MR. IAN BROWN.



PERFORMING HER SECOND SHIP-NAMING CEREMONY AS QUEEN: HER MAJESTY LAUNCHING THE CANADIAN PACIFIC LINER EMPRESS OF BRITAIN.



LORD ELGIN PRESENTING HER MAJESTY WITH SOUVENIRS AFTER SHE HAD LAUNCHED THE EMPRESS OF BRITAIN: THE QUEEN HOLDING A TANKARD.



TAKING THE WATER AFTER HER LAUNCH BY THE QUEEN AT THE FAIRFIELD SHIPYARD: THE NEW LINER EMPRESS OF BRITAIN, WHICH IS THE THIRD CLYDE-BUILT CANADIAN PACIFIC LINER TO BEAR THIS NAME. at Uddington, near Glasgow, where the Duke had planned to join the Royal train. But bad weather had forced the helicopter in which the Duke was flying to make a forced landing on a football field at Bathgate, south-west of Edinburgh. The Queen completed the journey to Glasgow and the Duke joined her later, midway through her inspection of the Bridgeton factory of James Templeton and Co., the makers of carpets used at Westminster Abbey at three successive Coronations. Later, Her Majesty, accompanied by the Duke, launched the Canadian Pacific liner Empress of Britain from the Govan yard of the Fairfield Shipbuilding Company in Glasgow. At a party which followed the launching, Lord Elgin presented Her Majesty with the carved mallet with which the launching ceremony was performed, and with two seventeenth-century tankards. In the evening the Queen and the Duke sailed from Rosyth in the Royal Yacht Britannia for their State visit to Oslo.



THE DUKE IN EDINBURGH: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS TALKING TO A STUDENT IN THE TECHNICAL DEPARTMENT WHEN HE MADE AN INSPECTION OF DANIEL STEWART'S COLLEGE, NOW A HUNDRED YEARS OLD.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

TWO of the more outstanding features of gardening in Victorian days were "bedding-out," and the cultivation of "specimen" plants. Bedding-out still survives in our

gardens to a certain extent, and I must confess that up to a point, and in the right place, I like it. And the right place? Public parks and gardens seem to me to be appropriate settings for formalised massed colour. Spring and summer bedding has survived strongly at the London Zoo, and is always carried out extremely well. In the dignified Regency setting of Cheltenham, too, this style of gardening is surely exactly the right



A "SPECIMEN BUSH MIGNONETTE": FROM A WOOD-CUT IN "THE AMATEUR'S GREENHOUSE AND CONSERVATORY," BY SHIRLEY HIBBERD (1883).

Of such plants, Mr. Hibberd wrote: "If we cut the flowers as fast as they are produced, and never allow a single seed pod to be formed, the plant will live any number of years, and continually increase in size if assisted with root room and liquid manure until it becomes a gigantic wonder. We have kept the same plants seven years, and then threw them away because of their unmanageable magnitude."

embellishment for such open spaces as the Promenade, and here again the art is practised with brilliant success. Occasionally in Cheltenham one hears individual critics carping at some of the colour contrasts and combinations in the bedding-out. What matter, and why not? Carpers love carping. It would be ungenerous to give them no scope for carping, and anyway they'd carp whatever the gardeners provided. The only appropriate reply to such carping would seem to be the infuriating and disarming "so what?"

In most private gardens formal "bedding-out" is another matter. In certain big, stately places the formal layout of the ground near the house was originally designed for this type of planting. The thing has become traditional, and is still carried on faithfully, as far as available labour and finances permit.

In my own garden, surrounding what was originally an old Cotswold farmhouse, formal bedding-out would be utterly inappropriate, even if I could afford to practise it—which I can not. But that does not prevent my growing some of the plants which have always played a prominent part in the bedding game, especially the geraniums (pelargoniums). A few of these I winter on window-sills in the house, and plant them out in an informal way in a narrowish bed along the west wall of the house. Here, with one or two silver-leaved plants, a hardy fuchsia or two, some ageratums, a couple of boxes of zinnias, and a great patch of that finest of all bedding violas, "Norah Leigh," they make a summer-long show of colour which no other plants I can think of could achieve. Perhaps you do not know Viola "Norah Leigh." If you do, you will not disagree with my estimate of that brilliant, light violet, non-stop variety.

This informal planting of geraniums, and many of the other plants which are traditionally drilled and regimented in bedding-out schemes, has much to recommend it, and I believe that if the idea were elaborated on a fairly large scale in some public park or garden, startling and quite enchanting effects might be worked out. I can visualise a sort of combined sub-tropical rock, water, and wild garden. An outcrop of bold rockwork would accommodate the *Echeverias*, which

MIGNONETTE.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

usually edge the formal beds. And here, too, aloes and mesembryanthemums, gazanias and dracaenas, and many succulents might give a wonderful summer effect of the Cape and the Kurroo. New Zealand Flax (*Phormium*), and great clumps of *Sparaxis pulcherrima* could be established permanently, and then a selection of the usual summer bedding-out plants would be disposed "to taste" in a wholly informal and (please) not too overcrowded manner; and here carpets of dwarf turf-like evergreens would come in useful.

But what has all this to do with the sub-title of this article: Mignonette? Nothing very much, except that the cultivation of big pot-grown specimen plants, the bigger the better, was, with bedding-out, an important branch of gardening in the Victorian era. Among other things which were popular, were standard and pyramid fuchsias, azaleas, Cape Heaths, and pompon chrysanthemums, trained either as standards, pyramids, or huge, convex, umbrella-shaped specimens, many feet across, so closely set with hundreds of flowers that they were almost touching one another. I can remember the gigantic fuchsias, heaths and azaleas that used to turn up at the big flower shows, and I remember, too, the umbrella chrysanthemums that our own gardener grew, and the hours and hours he spent training and tying out the shoots on great wire frames. In due course they were exhibited at

from those tedious monstrosities.

Apparently "specimen" mignonette plants were a popular form of horticultural self-expression in those days, but somehow I missed seeing any specimens—except a standard "tree" mignonette which I grew as a boy with only moderate success. I sowed a pinch of seed in a 5-in. pot and thinned the seedlings down to a single one. This I trained by tying to a slender stake and by pinching out all side-shoots, until it reached a height of about 6 ins. Then I let it branch out into a head. In the end it had developed a trunk about as thick as a lead pencil, and a head almost the size of my own. The trouble with my tree mignonette was that it became very thin and wiry, with small, grudging leaves, and hundreds of minute flower-heads, which seemed to be intent on setting seeds, and seed setting would, of course, have been virtual suicide. In the end I lost patience with the silly thing, and let it seed—and die. I have found since that my methods were all wrong.

A week or two ago I thought I would try again to produce a tree mignonette, and sowed seeds in a couple of pots and duly reduced them to a single youngster in each pot. Then, a day or two ago, in a secondhand bookshop, I came upon Shirley Hibberd's "The Amateur's Greenhouse" (1883), and in turning the pages found a delightfully crude old woodcut illustrating a "Specimen Bush Mignonette."

Very full and practical directions are given for growing both standard or tree mignonette specimens, and also bush specimens as shown in the illustration. The main points to attend to in both cases seem to be to start the seeds in 3-in. pots, and pot the plants on into larger and larger pots up to 9-in. size or even more. For soil—three parts of turfy loam, one part well-decayed manure, and plenty of silver sand. The plants should be grown in cool rather than hot, sunny conditions, and ample careful watering is essential. Occasional careful pruning is necessary to prevent over-flowering and seed production. I gather that the cultivation was done in a greenhouse, and that the winter temperature was not allowed to fall to freezing-point. On the other hand, I read of wintering the plants in a frame, though whether a heated or an unheated frame is meant I am not quite certain. I intend to try wintering my mignonettes in an unheated greenhouse. Although mignonette, *Reseda odorata*, is classed as an annual or a biennial, these pot-grown specimens, both tree and bush, were grown on by their Victorian cultivators for a second or even a third year.

I am looking forward to finding a great deal of interest and amusement in Shirley Hibberd's old book. [There are woodcuts of specimen pyramid fuchsias as well as a specimen convex pompon chrysanthemum and a specimen standard and pyramid pompon—not that I want to grow any of these three. In the "R.H.S. Dictionary of Gardening" there is a fully detailed account of specimen mignonettes and how to grow them, and in the recommended soil mixture there is one ingredient—a most important one, I feel very sure—old mortar rubble. There is also in the R.H.S. Dictionary text one sentence that at once arrested my attention, and at the same time set me wondering. It is stated that the long racemes of flowers "emit an agreeable perfume." That surely is Victorian horticultural literary style at its highest level. Later, I looked up mignonette in "Nicholson's Dictionary of Gardening, 1884-88," on which, of course, the R.H.S. Dictionary was founded. Nicholson on Mignonette I found had been transposed verbatim to the R.H.S. Dictionary. Even the delightful if exactly-dating observation that the flowers "emit an agreeable perfume" was included. Those words "emit an agreeable perfume" reminded me of a governess who arrived at my home when I was a very small boy. During an all-family meal she waited for a general silence, and then announced apropos nothing—"Some people assert that camellias emit a perfume, I never could perceive it." That precious creature lasted a fortnight, but her deathless remark has remained a "family saying" to this day.



A FINE MIGNONETTE AS IT IS MORE USUALLY GROWN TO-DAY—AS AN ANNUAL. THE VARIETY "RED MONARCH" IN FULL FLOWER.

Photograph by J. E. Downward.

the Crystal Palace and at the Royal Aquarium, Westminster. He was highly successful, and the potting-shed walls were richly decorated with First Prize cards. But as a family we got little satisfaction

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DOCTORS ON STRIKE, AND PICTORIAL NEWS FROM EUROPE, ASIA AND WEST AFRICA.



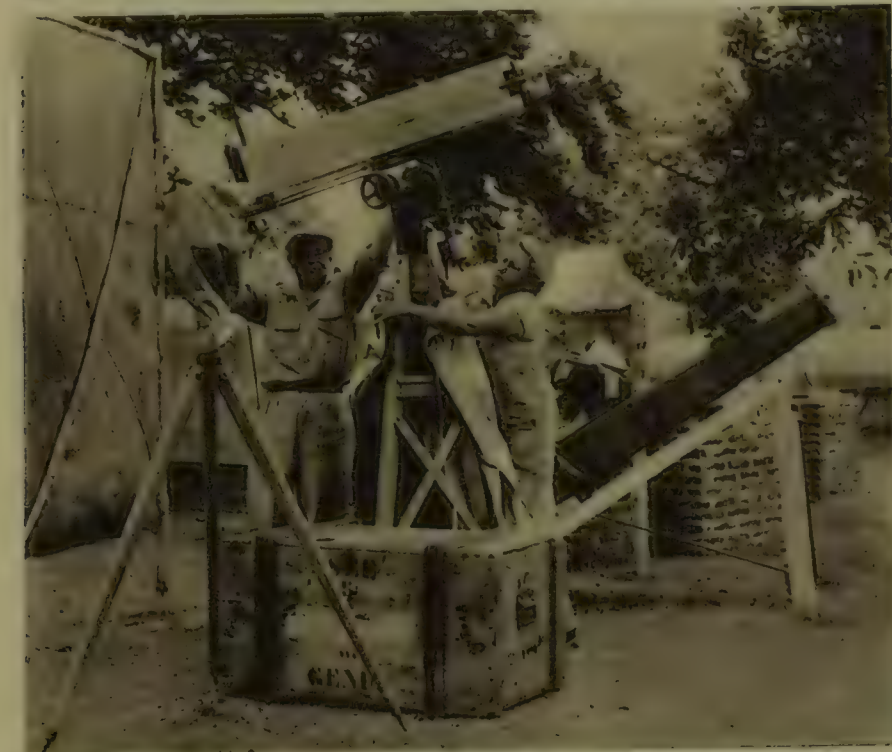
DOCTORS ON STRIKE: AUSTRIAN DOCTORS PARADING IN A PROTEST AGAINST THE HEALTH INSURANCE SCHEME, DURING A FIVE-HOUR STRIKE IN VIENNA. On June 19 more than 4500 doctors from all over Austria held a protest meeting in Vienna against a draft law modifying the Austrian health insurance scheme and, during a five-hour strike (during which emergency arrangements were made), marched down the Ring with banners to present a petition to the Chancellor.



THE GERMAN STATE OPERA HOUSE, DESTROYED DURING THE WAR AND NOW ALMOST COMPLETELY REBUILT. IT STANDS IN THE UNTER DEN LINDEN, IN EAST BERLIN, AND IS DUE TO RE-OPEN IN SEPTEMBER WITH A SPECIAL SEASON.



SIGNING IN THE KREMLIN A JOINT DECLARATION OF POLICY: (LEFT CENTRE) MR. NEHRU; (RIGHT CENTRE) MARSHAL BULGANIN. EXTREME RIGHT, MR. KHRUSHCHEV AND MR. MIKOYAN. On June 22, at the conclusion of his fifteen-day visit to Russia, the Indian Prime Minister, Mr. Nehru, signed, with Marshal Bulganin, a joint five-point declaration of Soviet-Indian policy. The five points are: (i) mutual respect for each other's territorial integrity and sovereignty; (ii) non-aggression; (iii) non-interference in each other's internal affairs for any reasons of economic, political or ideological character; (iv) equality and mutual benefit; (v) peaceful co-existence. The statement also hoped for a peaceful solution of the Formosa situation and urged the inclusion of Communist China in the United Nations.



PACKING UP AFTER FAILING TO RECORD THE TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN: PROFESSOR WALDEMEIER, OF THE SWISS EXPEDITION, DISMANTLING APPARATUS AT POLONNARUWA. The total eclipse of the sun which took place on June 20 was obscured by clouds and rain at many points in India, Burma, Ceylon, and Japan. In the Philippines successful observations were made; but in Ceylon the Swiss expedition had no luck, but the Harvard team in central Ceylon were more successful.



THE NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF NIGERIA, SIR JAMES ROBERTSON (CENTRE), ABOUT TO SIGN THE OATHS AFTER BEING SWORN IN AT LAGOS ON JUNE 15. On June 15 the new Governor-General of Nigeria, Sir James Robertson, K.B.E., K.C.M.G., arrived at Lagos, Nigeria, and was duly sworn in, the oath being administered by Acting Chief Justice O. Jibowu (who is seen on the left of our photograph). A guard of honour was mounted by the 5th Bn., The Nigeria Regiment

A UNIQUE COPE FOR THE NATION, AND A TIEPOLO CLEANED.

TO BE ACQUIRED FOR THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM FOR £33,000: THE BUTLER-BOWDON COPE, EMBROIDERED WITH WORK KNOWN AS *OPUS ANGLICANUM*.

The Butler-Bowdon early fourteenth-century cope, embroidered in gold, silk and pearls on a crimson velvet ground in work known as *opus anglicanum* is to be acquired for the Victoria and Albert Museum. The cope, which bears a design of three concentric rows of Gothic arcades, beneath which are figures of apostles and saints with, in the centre, Biblical scenes, has been in the Butler-Bowdon family since the Middle Ages.

The New York Metropolitan Museum made an offer for it, but Sir Leigh Ashton intervened and its export was banned. The Pilgrim Trust and National Art-Collections Fund are contributing and an additional grant of £9000 is being made (subject to Parliamentary approval) to the money which the Victoria and Albert Museum may spend on acquisitions this year, so that the price of £33,000 may be made up.



"THE BANQUET OF CLEOPATRA"; BY G. B. TIEPOLO (1696-1770), CLEANED AND ON VIEW IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON, BEFORE ITS RETURN TO AUSTRALIA.

Tiepolo's "The Banquet of Cleopatra," purchased in 1933 by the Felton Bequest for the National Gallery of Victoria, Melbourne, was on view at the winter exhibition of eighteenth-century Masters at the R.A. It has been cleaned by Mr. Horace Buttery, and is now exhibited in Room IX. at the National Gallery where it will remain until the end of August, when it returns to Australia. Commissioned in 1744 for Augustus II.,

King of Saxony, it was retained by his Minister, Count Brühl, whose collection was purchased by Catherine II. in 1760 and remained in the Hermitage until 1932. Tiepolo painted Cleopatra's banquet several times, and ultimately developed the theme as the chief wall decoration of the ballroom of the Palazzo Labia, Venice. The Melbourne version, a magnificent work, is of large size—97 by 139 ins.



THE RESTLESS WAVES WHICH COVER A WORLD OF FANTASTIC BEAUTY.

On our western seaboard, from the Lizard to Cape Wrath, are many stretches of coast where long Atlantic rollers beat upon the ancient rocks. Great waves, raised by storms often thousands of miles away across the ocean, in summer bring out the surf-boards on the sandy beaches of North Cornwall and pile up the kelp on Scottish

shores. When local westerly gales add height and force to these far-travelled waves, spectacular seas lash the coast, sending showers of spray over the high cliffs. Here, near Padstow, a setting sun breaking through heavy cloud brightens for an instant a scene of wild fury. [Photograph by Douglas P. Wilson, F.R.P.S.]

A SUBMARINE FANTASIA: STRANGE AND BEAUTIFUL ORGANISMS FROM THE UNDERSEA WORLD.



FIG. 1. A GROUP OF ROSY FEATHER-STARS (*Antedon bifida*), SURVIVORS OF AN ANCIENT GROUP OF ANIMALS. THE CRINOIDS, WHOSE REMAINS ARE ABUNDANT IN MANY LIMESTONE ROCKS.

THE twelve pictures reproduced on these pages from Kodachromes by Dr. Douglas P. Wilson, F.R.P.S., have been selected for the beauty of form and colouring of the animals and plants portrayed. All live in British seas; these particular specimens came from the South Devon coast and were photographed alive as found on the shore at low tide, or as they displayed themselves in the marine aquarium tanks to which they had been removed. These organisms will be unfamiliar to most people, for they have no close relatives living on land and some not even in the fresh waters. Of at least half

(Continued below)



FIG. 2. A FINE GROWTH OF THE COMMON SHORE SPONGE, *HYMENIACIDON SANGUINEA*, EXPOSED IN A SHELTERED SOUTH DEVON ESTUARY BY A VERY LOW TIDE. THE SPONGE FEEDS BY PASSING WATER THROUGH INNUMERABLE PASSAGES, FILTERING FROM THIS WATER THE MICRO-ORGANISMS IN IT.



FIG. 3. A COLONY OF THE RARE *EPIZOANTHUS WRIGHTI* TAKEN BY A FREE-SWIMMING DIVER FROM A ROCK AT FOURTEEN FATHOMS OFF THE SOUTH DEVON COAST. RELATIVES OF THE SEA ANEMONES, THESE LITTLE POLYPS ARE HERE SHOWN SEVERAL TIMES LARGER THAN LIFE.

(Continued.) patiently for a meal until some animal small enough to be overpowered brushes by chance against their tentacles. Instantly hundreds of poisoned threads are discharged into its body to paralyse and to kill. Sedentary animals such as these, attached permanently or semi-permanently to one place on rock or weed, are common in natural waters, both fresh and salt, where dense populations of swimming and floating animals and plants exist. Many different forms of animal life have filtering devices to utilise this living "soup," the plankton, which surrounds them everywhere. The two

(Continued below)



FIG. 4. TWO COLONIES OF THE CLUB-HEADED HYDROID (*CLAVA SQUAMATA*) ATTACHED TO SEAWEED FROM A SHELTERED SHORE IN SOUTH DEVON, AND SHOWN MAGNIFIED ABOUT THREE TIMES.



FIG. 5. PEACOCK WORMS (*SABELLIA PAVONINA*) CAUTIOUSLY EXPANDING HEAD-FANS AT THE MOUTHS OF THEIR TUBES OF CEMENTED MUD. THE FANS TRAP MINUTE ORGANISMS FOR FOOD AND GATHER MUD PARTICLES FOR TUBE-BUILDING.



FIG. 6. THE OATEN-PIPES HYDROID (*TUBULARIA LARYNX*) GROWS ATTACHED TO ROCKS OR TO FLOATING OBJECTS AND IS A COMMON FOULING ORGANISM ON HULLS OF SHIPS. THIS IS A YOUNG COLONY, SHOWN ABOUT TWICE NATURAL SIZE; OLDER COLONIES ARE LARGER, WITH MORE INDIVIDUAL POLYPS.



FIG. 7. THE LARGEST POLYP SEEN IN FIG. 6 IS HERE SHOWN AT HIGHER MAGNIFICATION. THE MOUTH IS SURROUNDED BY A CIRCLE OF STINGING TENTACLES; LOWER DOWN IS ANOTHER CIRCLE OF LARGER TENTACLES, AND BETWEEN THEM GRAPE-LIKE CLUSTERS OF REPRODUCTIVE ORGANS CONTAINING EMBRYOS.



FIG. 8. THE SO-CALLED "SCARLET" STARFISH (*HENRICIA SANGUINOLENTA*) VARIES MUCH IN COLOUR. IT IS FAIRLY COMMON ON THE SEASHORE, AND IN DEEPER WATER AROUND THE BRITISH ISLES AND IN NORTH ATLANTIC REGIONS GENERALLY.



FIG. 9. THE DAHLIA ANEMONE (*FELIA FELINA*) IS COMMON BETWEEN TIDE-MARKS. IT CAPTURES SMALL CRABS AND OTHER ANIMALS WITH ITS STINGING TENTACLES.

(Continued.) the species shown, it is probably true to say that none but a few biologists ever see them, and perhaps for a moment stop their investigations to enjoy the æsthetic beauty of their lovely forms. All are small and some in these pictures are enlarged as one would view them through a hand-lens. Thus we see the *Epizoanthus* (Fig. 3), too rare to have a common English name; the *Clava* (Fig. 4) and the *Tubularia* (Figs. 6 and 7). All three are stinging animals, organically joined in colonies so that food collected by any one polyp feeds the colony as a whole. Like their near and much larger relative, the Dahlia Anemone (Fig. 9), they must wait

(Continued above, right)



FIG. 10. THE MAGNIFICENT SUN-STAR (*SOLASTER PAPPUS*) IS COMMON IN BRITISH SEAS AND IS SOMETIMES FOUND ON THE SEASHORE. IT IS A VORACIOUS ANIMAL, FEEDING ON OTHER STARFISHES AND ON MOLLUSCS. IT GROWS TO ABOUT A FOOT ACROSS.



FIG. 11. THE EDIBLE SEA-URCHIN (*ECHINUS ESCULENTUS*) IS SO NAMED BECAUSE THE ROES ARE SOMETIMES EATEN, RELATED TO STARFISHES. IT IS STRUCTURALLY A HOLLOW BALL OF LIMY PLATES STUDDED WITH MOVABLE SPINES AND IS PULLED ALONG BY EXTENSIBLE TUBE-FEET.

(Continued.) sponges (Fig. 2 and 12) shown here, the Peacock Worms (Fig. 5) and the delicate Feather-stars (Fig. 1) each have their own special methods of sieving the sea. So, too, have mussels, cockles, oysters and their kin, and hosts of other filter feeders which clothe the rocks or carpet the ocean floor. An army of creeping animals feed on these filters, or on one, another; they include the colourful starfishes (Figs. 8 and 10) and the almost spherical sea-urchin (Fig. 11), handsome in spite of its prickles. Thus creatures which to our eyes appear as lovely and as tranquil as a garden flower are in their several ways as voracious as any tiger.

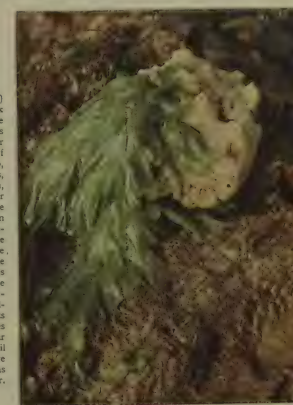


FIG. 12. A SEA-LETTUCE (*ULYA LACTUCA*) ATTACHED TO A SPONGE (*HALICHONDRIA BOERHAAVI*). THIS SEAWEED HAS BEEN EATEN AS A SALAD, BUT CANNOT BE RECOMMENDED.



FIG. 1. A PORTION, TWO OR THREE TIMES LARGER THAN LIFE, OF THE DEEP-SEA CORAL *MADREPORA OCULATA* WITH POLYPS EXPANDED. ONLY A THIN LAYER OF TISSUES COVERS THE HARD, LIMY SKELETON. THIS CORAL DOES NOT BUILD SHALLOW-WATER REEFS SUCH AS DO RELATED TROPICAL SPECIES.

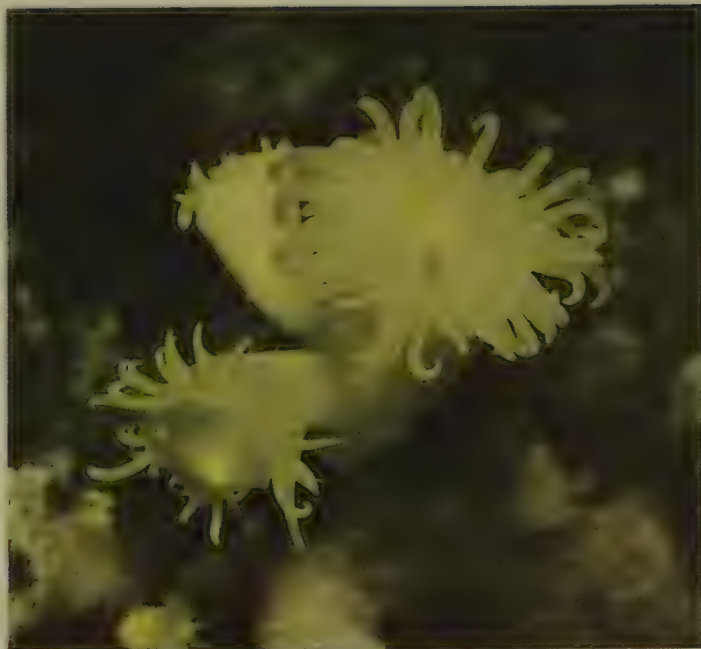


FIG. 2. ANOTHER DEEP-SEA CORAL, *DENDROPHYLLIA CORNIGERA*, HAS LARGER POLYPS OF A STRIKING COLOUR. THIS CORAL FORMS IRREGULARLY-BRANCHED COLONIES OF CONSIDERABLE SIZE, ONLY A FEW POLYPS OF WHICH ARE SEEN HERE, MAGNIFIED TWO OR THREE TIMES.



FIG. 3. THIS LITTLE STARFISH, *CERAMASTER PLACENTA*, FROM EIGHTY FATHOMS NEAR THE BAY OF BISCAY, HAS LIVED FOR OVER A YEAR IN AN AQUARIUM TANK IN PLYMOUTH. ALMOST NOTHING IS KNOWN OF ITS HABITS IN NATURE.



FIG. 4. SOME SELECTED SPECIMENS OF THE COMMON BRITTLE-STAR (*OPHIOTHRIX FRAGILIS*), WHICH VARIES GREATLY IN COLORATION AND WHICH IN FAVOURED LOCALITIES CARPETS THE SEA-FLOOR WITH IMMENSE CONGREGATIONS OF OVERLAPPING INDIVIDUALS. THE UNDERWATER CAMERA USED OFF PLYMOUTH HAS RECENTLY REVEALED BRITTLE-STAR PATCHES MILES ACROSS.



FIG. 5. CONTRASTING WITH THE SEA-FLOOR ANIMALS SHOWN PREVIOUSLY ARE THESE THREE SPECIMENS OF THE FLOATING VIOLET SEA-SNAIL (*IANTHINA JANTHINA*), STRANDED ON A SHORE IN NORTH CORNWALL LAST AUGUST AFTER A LONG PERIOD OF WESTERLY WINDS WHICH HAD BLOWN THEM SHOREWARDS OUT OF THE ATLANTIC.



FIG. 6. THE VIOLET SEA-SNAIL (*IANTHINA JANTHINA*) LIVES AT THE SURFACE OF THE OCEAN, CLINGING UPSIDE-DOWN TO A STIFF, FROTHY RAFT OF AIR BUBBLES, AND IN THIS INVERTED POSITION DRIFTS WHEREVER WIND AND CURRENT TAKE IT.

SNAILS, CORALS AND STARFISH: CREATURES OF DEEP SEA-FLOOR AND SURFACE.

From the sea-bottom and from the ocean surface come the animals illustrated on this page, all probably photographed alive in colour for the first time. Except for the Common Brittle-stars (Fig. 4), which are to be found on the seashore as well as in deeper water, all these species are rarely seen alive, for they live, often far from land, where only ships fitted with special equipment can normally collect them. The deep-sea corals (Figs. 1 and 2) were dredged from a depth of 215 fathoms on the La Chapelle Bank, just north of the Bay of Biscay, and the little *Ceramaster* starfish (Fig. 3) came from the same geographical region. The number of animals living on the sea-floor and in mid-water is vast, but there is only a

small and specialised fauna living at the ocean surface. This we but rarely see near our coasts, except when winds persistently blowing out of the ocean drift some of it to our shores, as happened in the summer of 1954, when large numbers of Violet Sea-snails (Figs. 5 and 6) stranded along the north coasts of Cornwall and Devon. They are about the size of a garden snail but with much more fragile shells, deeply pigmented on the part which would normally be underneath and which, on account of the upside-down habit of the owner, faces up towards the sky. Violet Sea-snails feed on *Velella* ("By-the-wind-sailor"), a relative of the jelly-fish and another member of the fauna of the ocean surface.

Written and photographed by Douglas P. Wilson, D.Sc., F.R.P.S.

THE TOMB SANCTUARY OF MITHRADATES OF KOMMAGENE, AND THE DISCOVERY OF A SUPERB RELIEF: RECENT EXCAVATIONS AT ARSAMEIA, IN TURKEY.

By **Dr. F. K. DOERNER**, Director of the *Arsameia-on-the-Nymphaios*
Excavations, and **THERESA GOELL**, Director of the *Nemrud Dag* Excavations.

The excavations of the Hierothesion of Mithradates of Kommagene, father of Antiochus I., were conducted in 1953 and 1954 under the direction of Dr. F. K. DOERNER, Lecturer in Ancient History and Classical Epigraphy at the University of Münster, Westphalia. Grants towards the excavation were made by the Gesellschaft zur Förderung der Westfälischen Wilhelms-Universität und the Deutsche Forschungsgemeinschaft. For the successful execution of the work the authors feel greatly obliged to the Department of Antiquities of the Turkish Republic and other governmental departments who were most co-operative during the campaigns. Miss THERESA GOELL, director of the excavation of the Hierothesion of Antiochus I. of Kommagene on Nemrud Dag, collaborated as architect. Mr. KERMIT GOELL made rubber impressions of the inscriptions. The photographs are by F. K. DOERNER. A report of the Nemrud Dag excavations appeared in our issue of June 18.

BEFORE the serpentine Upper Euphrates enters the Syrian-Mesopotamian Plain on its journey to the Persian Gulf, it receives from its right bank a series of smaller rivers and streams which have pushed their way from the north and west through the rocky mass of the Anti-Taurus Mountains. One of these is the rapid Káhta Chai, which is formed by the union of two wild alpine streams which emerge from the foothills of Nemrud Dag. The traveller who approaches this ubiquitous landmark from the lower levels of the Euphrates Valley by following to the north-west the course of the Káhta Chai, has the overpowering experience of viewing a fascinating and awe-inspiring landscape (Fig. 3). For the Chai, about twenty-five miles to the north-west of the junction where it precipitates itself into the Euphrates, has through the ages forced a deep passage within a vertical limestone chasm, leaving two isolated steep hills flanking its banks. The hills rear up as natural strategic, fortified look-out points towards the Euphrates Valley to the south-east, and toward the mountain barriers of Malatya and Cappadocia to the north-west. At the same time they were ideal as gates guarding the entrance into the inner reaches and routes to the hidden corners of the Anti-Taurus Mountains on the side bounding Mesopotamia.

The high-flanking cliffs to the north of the Káhta Chai are to-day called in Turkish, Yeni Kale, or New Castle, and are crowned by a romantic ruin of a fortified castle belonging to the Armenian-Arab epoch of the occupation of the region; according to surviving Arab and Armenian inscriptions of the thirteenth century A.D. found on the building walls. (For a plan of this castle, see F. K. Doerner and R. Naumann, *Istanbuler Forschungen*, Band 10, 1939, Plan 23.) But we still do not know the name of the place during the mediaeval period. Although the hill on the opposite side of the Chai is called Eski Kale (Fig. 2), or Old Castle, in Turkish, there are no apparent signs of a castle. But after a closer inspection and search we found the reason for this misleading name. Protectively concealed by the colour of the surface earth are broken and scattered fragments of roof-tiles, pottery, and clumps of scraggly bushes rooted in rubble-stone of foundations of clay-walled buildings. They mutely tell us that here, too, was once a human settlement. It is hard to believe that this desolate deserted hill, where the present owners have long since given up hope of ever raising any crops, had once been the site of extensive building operations and a strategic look-out controlling the approaches from the Euphrates Valley, the Malatya Mountain barrier routes and the inner valley passes of the Anti-Taurus Mountains.

The appropriateness of the name Eski Kale, or Old Castle, and the confirmation of the longevity of tradition, were confirmed by a fortunate discovery by one of the writers (F. K. Doerner) of this article, on

July 25, 1951, during an exploration trip through the region:

While climbing up the southern slope of the hill, a small, grey, roughly-weathered piece of limestone projecting from the surface attracted my attention. It seemed to be inscribed. Losing no time, with the help of my local mountaineer companions, I made a clearance of the earth in which the stone was embedded and soon discovered how correct my assumption had been, for, in following-up the inscribed letters, there gradually unrolled before our eyes a long document chiselled on the vertical face of the limestone outcropping of the hillside; indeed, the longest Greek inscription found until now in Asia Minor (Figs. 12 and 14).

The inscription is composed in Greek letters characteristic of the Hellenistic period, and covers the artificially smoothed face of the living-rock wall. It is divided into five columns about 1.15 to 1.30 metres (3 ft. 9 ins. to 4 ft. 3 ins.) wide, and about 2.25 metres (7 ft. 4½ ins.) high... the total length being about 7 metres (23 ft.). It represents a Royal Decree and Sacred Edict or *Nomos* of Antiochus I. of Kommagene,

of his royal ancestors, and ever since had been a favourite residence and place of refuge of the Kommagenian dynasty. Never during any time of disturbance had it been conquered by an enemy.

Of the ancient royal city, no vestige of a superstructure remained standing on the surface. Nor in the immediate area of the Hierothesion were visible anything of the original cult accessories. All the artificially-constructed terraces which had supported superstructures on the crowning plateau and on the slopes had collapsed. With them, any buildings that had escaped destruction through plundering had also perished, burying everything that lay in the path of the cascade of clay and stone.



FIG. 1. A MAP OF ASIA MINOR TO SHOW THE SITUATION OF ESKI KAHTA, OR ARSAMEIA, THE SITE OF THE MOUNTAIN-TOP TOMB SANCTUARY OF MITHRADATES, KING OF KOMMAGENE; AND ITS RELATION TO NEMRUD DAGH.



FIG. 2. THE SOUTHERN FACE OF THE MOUNTAIN, ESKI KALE (OLD CASTLE), WHICH IN ANCIENT TIMES WAS TERRACED, ARROWED TO LOCATE THE VARIOUS FEATURES REFERRED TO IN THE ARTICLE.

KEY TO LETTERS: (A) Plateau; (B) Rock-cut portico; (C) Platform I.; (D) Tomb-sanctuary of Mithradates, inscription, and entrance to stepped tunnel; (E) Platform III.; (F) Platform II.; (G) Caves.



FIG. 3. THE ANCIENT BRIDGE, WHOSE FOUNDATIONS DATE BACK TO KOMMAGENIAN TIMES AND WHICH SPANS THE NYMPHAIOS RIVER AT THE FOOT OF ESKI KALE.

the first testimony of whose reign dates back to the year 69 B.C. The *Nomos* is given for the protection of the tomb and sanctuary of his father, Mithradates Kallinikos, and for the maintenance of his cult. Of particular value for us is the fact that the inscription gives us the ancient place-name of the site. We learn that this area, where Mithradates located his Hierothesion, was the entrance-quarter of Arsameia-on-the-Nymphaios. Antiochus informs us further, that the city derived its name from its founder, Arsames, one

In 1953 and 1954 we carried on full-scale excavations on Eski Kale, concentrating our efforts on clearing the precincts of the Hierothesion of King Mithradates on the southern flank of the hill, and we also investigated the upper plateau. We considered it a fortunate beginning for our work when, almost immediately after we laid bare the entire face of the inverted gamma-shaped inscription, we also brought to light a perfectly preserved monumental relief sculptured on the main face of a stele three metres high. This relief depicted a scene of greeting between a Kommagenian king, apparently Mithradates Kallinikos and Herakles (Fig. 11). We were already familiar with such iconographical motifs from the themes similarly represented on Nemrud Dag. But this new find overwhelmed us with its fine craftsmanship and characterisation: it is remarkable as being the only complete and perfectly preserved relief of the Kommagenian Hellenistic period which has survived. It is a superb example of the fusion of the neo-classical elements of

Polycleiton type with Persian elements, reminiscent of Persepolis, in the priestly-royal garb of the monarch.

The discovery of this relief was important for the progress of the work, because we did not, as originally planned, continue to follow a course parallel to the steep shoulder of the hill, but, despite the hard-impacted deep fill which had moved down from the plateau above, we proceeded to clear away the concrete-like mass to find the socket into which the tongue at the bottom of the stele had originally fitted. We found it at length, slightly above and to the west of the top of the great inscription, in a rock-cut platform at the summit of a stairway, also cut from the living rock, which led directly to the original socket of the relief. Being the third monument of its kind found, we called it Platform III.

Stepped platforms, approximately similar, with two sockets, were located in two other places on the southern slope of the citadel (Fig. 10), and we were also fortunate in finding some of the scattered

fragments of the stelai which had stood on their summits. The fragments were part of reliefs of Mithras and royal or priestly personages. It is not yet certain whether these stelai belonged to additional Hierothesia, as the great rock-cut chamber above Platform I. (Fig. 8) suggests, or whether these platforms marked a Processional-Way coming from the deep valley below, serving the same function as those approaching the East and West Terraces at the Hierothesion of Antiochus on Nemrud Dag. [Continued overleaf.]

STEPS TO THE PROBABLY UNTOUCHED TOMB OF A HELLENISTIC KING OF KOMMAGENE.



FIG. 4. THE STEPPED TUNNEL, LOOKING OUTWARDS TO THE ENTRANCE. IT LEADS TO DEPTHS AS YET UNKNOWN AT AN ANGLE OF 35-45 DEGS.



FIG. 5. THE TUNNEL IS IN A DANGEROUS STATE OWING TO BELTS OF CLAY AND DECOMPOSED ROCK; AND NEEDS TIMBER SUPPORTS, AS IT DID IN ANCIENT TIMES.

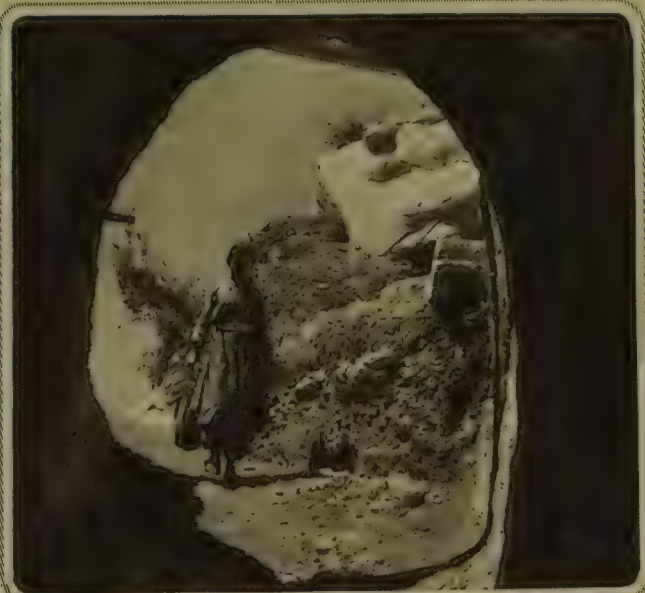


FIG. 6. THE ENTRANCE TO THE TUNNEL FROM WITHIN, A TURKISH GIRL GIVING THE SCALE. IN THE BACKGROUND CAN BE SEEN THE RELIEF OF FIG. 11 IN SITU.

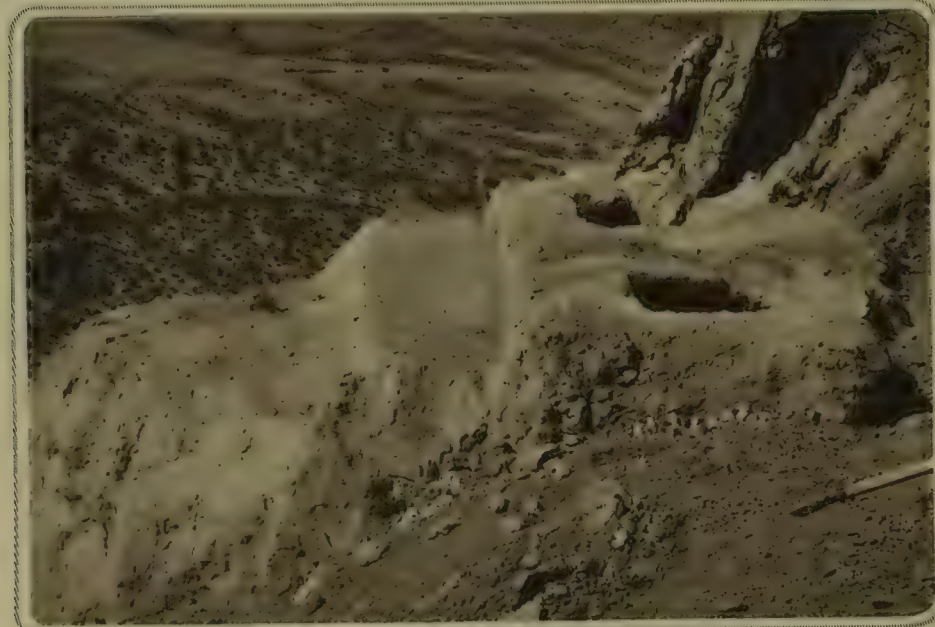


FIG. 7. PLATFORM I. (SEE FIG. 2), WHICH STANDS BEFORE THE ROCK-CUT PORTICO (FIG. 8). THE SOCLE CONTAINS TWO HOLES WHICH PROBABLY ORIGINALLY HELD MONUMENTAL RELIEFS.

Continued from page 23.] But where was the king's last resting-place itself hidden? In the inscription we had been told of an entrance to which access was prohibited to anyone who might desecrate the tomb, and that a great female watcher or guardian goddess had installed a demoniac (?) "eye" (opsis) there from which no one could escape. Great was our excitement when we encountered under the third column of the inscription a rock-cut archway (Fig. 13). It was entirely filled in, but the removal of debris soon revealed that we were dealing with an entrance to a barrel-vaulted stepped tunnel about 2:50

[Continued below]



FIG. 8. THE ROCK-CUT PORTICO ABOVE PLATFORM I. THE SMALL ENTRANCE LEADS TO A TUNNEL (NOT THAT OF FIG. 4) LEADING TO AN EMPTY SUBTERRANEAN CHAMBER.



FIG. 9. A FRAGMENT OF A RELIEF FOUND NEAR PLATFORM II. IT SHOWS (RIGHT) THE GOD MITHRAS FACING KING ANTIOCHUS I., PRESUMABLY IN GREETING.

Continued.] metres (8 ft. 2 ins.) high by 2:00 (6 ft. 6½ ins.) broad, hewn from the living rock. The stairway descended into the heart of the hill at an angle of from 35 to 45 degs. (Fig. 4). In 1953 we cleared the first part without great difficulty with our primitive implements, but as we descended deeper, we were soon convinced that to continue the work without undue risks demanded modern implements, safety-devices and protection for life and limb. For the living-rock had decomposed and was crumbling in many stretches, and in

[Continued below, left.]



FIG. 10. ANOTHER FRAGMENT OF A RELIEF, SHOWING MITHRAS IN "PHRYGIAN CAP" AGAINST THE RAYS OF THE SUN. ALSO FOUND NEAR PLATFORM II. THERE WAS PROBABLY, ORIGINALLY, A FACING FIGURE.

Continued.] some places the vaulted ceiling had collapsed. In order to continue efficiently and safely, we were accompanied on Nemrud Dag and Arsameia, in the summer of 1954, by Mr. Heinrich Buerger, a tunnel expert. We reinforced with wooden supporting frames the part of the tunnel which we had already cleared in 1953 (Fig. 5). These frames also served to carry the weight of the fill of stones and clay that obstructed the passage, as we packed this material over and at the sides of the frames—thereby making them more stable. Obtaining the wooden planks which were so necessary for the construction of the frames in a region like Kommagene, which, on the one hand, is to-day almost devoid of timber, and, on the other hand, remote from town timber-yards where such material might be bought, required the utmost resourcefulness in locating and assembling the tree-trunks. The final products were hand-hewn planks which were sawn into the necessary

lengths by means of old-fashioned hand-saws by our local workers. The abundance of the wood and the seeming abandon with which we used it were a present-day wonder to our mountaineer neighbours, who had never seen at one time so much of such a precious commodity in this region. We received great encouragement from the eager co-operation of these local workers, who were neither accustomed to this kind of work nor to the handling of our type of implements, but who compensated for their inexperience by their devotion and good will. In continuing the clearance of the tunnel we encountered a difficult obstacle in the geological formation of the core of the hill. The hard limestone, alternating with soft strata, hindered a regular tempo in the progress of the work; and we had indications that the constructors of the tunnel had the same problems. But they were not deterred from their project, even when they had to penetrate more or less broad layers of clay. We

[Continued above, right.]

A SUPERB HELLENISTIC RELIEF, AND THE LONGEST GREEK INSCRIPTION IN ASIA MINOR.

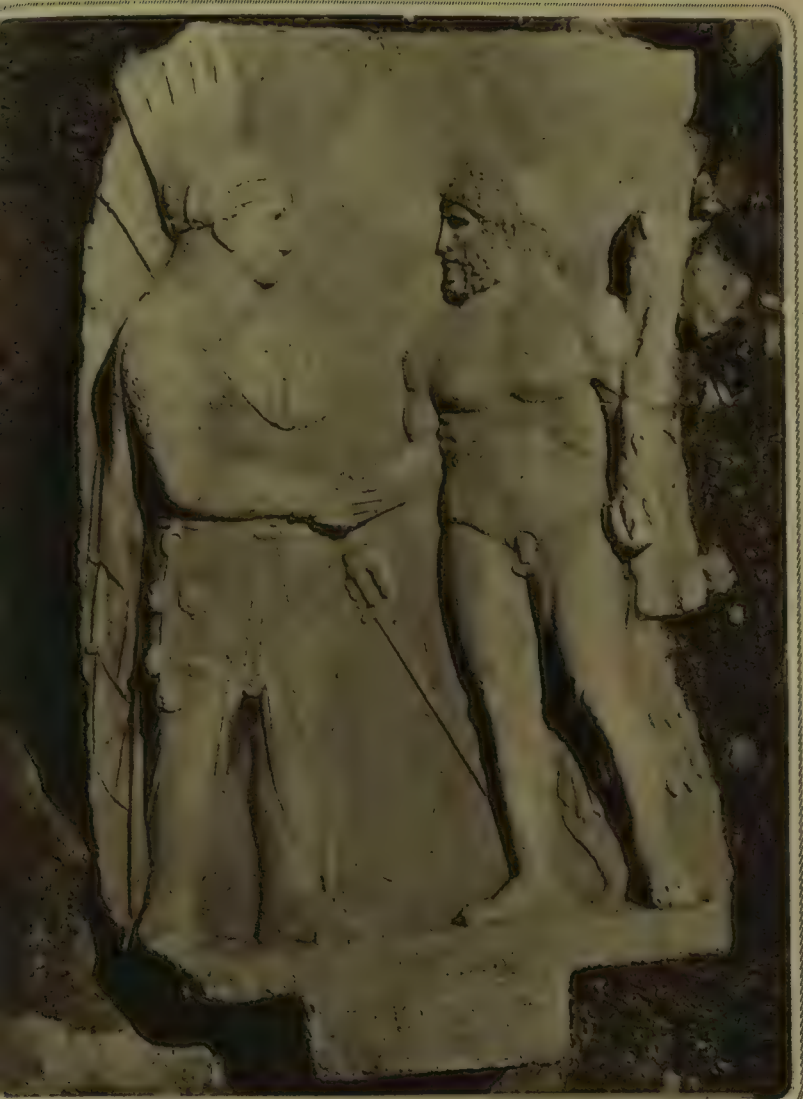


FIG. 11. FOUND IN ALMOST PERFECT CONDITION, NEAR THE ENTRANCE TO THE STEPPED TUNNEL: AN OUTSTANDING HELLENISTIC KOMMAGENIAN SCULPTURE, SHOWING THE GOD HERAKLES GREETING KING MITHRADATES, CROWNED AND IN ELABORATE PERSIAN DRESS. 3 METRES (9 FT. 10½ INS.) HIGH.

indicating that the site had also been occupied in post-Hellenistic Kommagenian times. Until now we have only examined in detail the remains of these later settlements on the eastern part of the plateau. The prosperity of the occupants is indicated by the extensive areas covered by their dwellings and by the gigantic pottery storage jars for foodstuffs which came to light. The two cleared levels of the mediæval dwelling areas resemble each other—as their foundation walls were made of roughly-broken limestone rubble and contain fragments of broken sculpture of classical times. They were not distantly separated from each other in depth or in time as the style of the fragments of their broken bowls, jars and glass vessels also suggested. There were several different types of ceramics; for instance, light buffs, yellowish ware, chalky and lightly fired. There were also light red wares with limestone temper making a harder fabric. Of

Continued.

found wooden remains which indicated that the ancients also protected themselves and supported these dangerous stretches by erecting wooden supports. After passing these stretches we again struck hard stone, and at last reached a point 115 metres (125 yards) distant from the entrance and 50 metres (54 yards) below the surface of the hill. Since the layers of clay apparently function as a kind of lung, introducing oxygen into the depths of the hill, we were able to execute our work without employing any artificial means of ventilation or oxygen masks. At the very end of the 1954 excavation, we encountered a broad layer of clay which we have not yet pierced. Therefore, the fascinating and provocative question still remains unanswered—whether the rock-cut passage leads to the last resting-place of the corporal remains of King Mithradates or served some other specific function of the cult celebrated at the Hierotheion. Important results also came to light on the plateau of Eski Kale, indi-

[Continued below.]

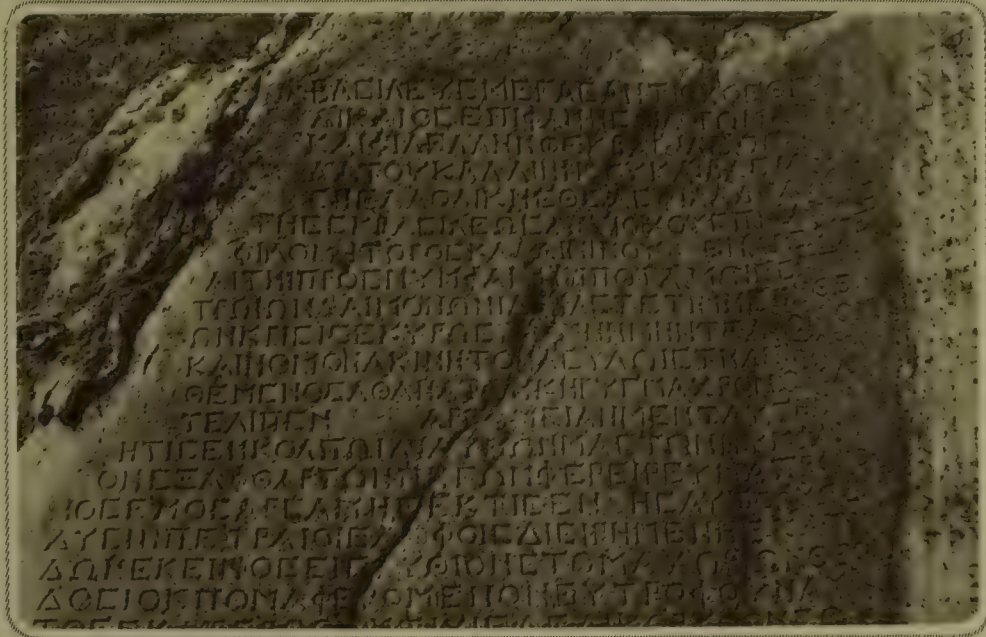


FIG. 12. THE OPENING COLUMN OF THE GREAT EDICT OF ANTIOCHUS—IT BEGINS: "THE GREAT KING ANTIOCHUS . . ."—CARVED ON A HUGE ROCK ROUND THE ENTRANCE TO THE STEPPED TUNNEL. (SEE ALSO FIGS. 13 AND 14.)



FIG. 13. THE CENTRAL PART OF THE GREAT INSCRIPTION (FIGS. 12 AND 14), SHOWING THE ENTRANCE TO THE TUNNEL; AND (LEFT) DR. F. K. DOERNER, THE EXCAVATOR.

Continued.

especial interest were the polychrome-painted wares with glazed surface, representing a type of familiar mediæval pottery extensively used in the Mediterranean basin in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries A.D., but also found in profusion in near-by Yeni Kale across the ravine, at Kan Kale, at Gölberan and in Samsat (ancient Samosata, the capital of the Kommagenian dynasty on the Euphrates). It was familiar also in Syria, Palestine and Cyprus. One of our most precious and significant finds was a fragment of a light greenish-grey glazed celadon, which shows us that in Eastern Asia Minor at least there were connections, by what caravan routes we do not yet know, with China. An earlier cultural level lay 2 or 3 metres below the mediæval levels. We began to clear a large room which occupied this stratum on the southern rim of the plateau. We found still *in situ* high walls very well preserved and covered with variously composed layers of mortar and plaster on their surface. In some places they stood to a height of 2.50 metres (8 ft. 2 ins.). We are still confronted with the dating of this level since we discovered it during the last days of the excavations in 1954, but we are of the opinion tentatively that this large room belonged to the period of the Hellenistic-Kommagenian settlement of the plateau. The duration of the settlement of Arsameia-on-the-Nymphaios

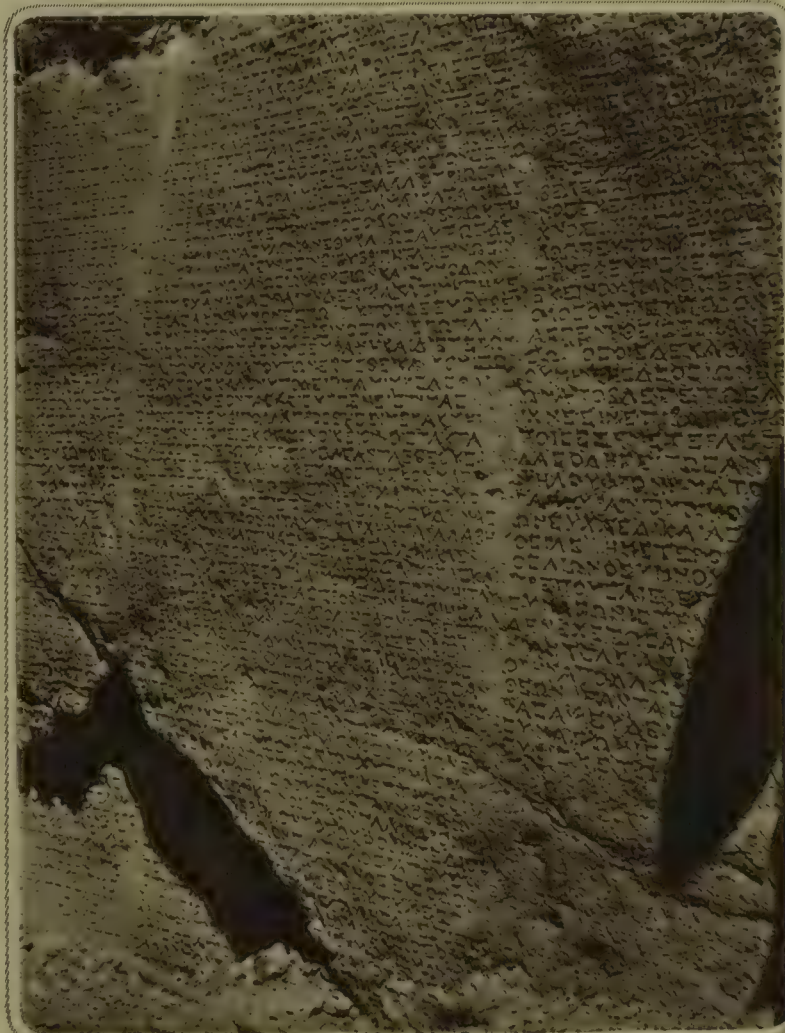


FIG. 14. COLUMNS 3 TO 5 OF THE EDICT OF ANTIOCHUS; LAYING DOWN THE CULT OF HIS FATHER MITHRADATES AND STATING THE ENDOWMENT.

reaches far beyond the Hellenistic foundation of the city by Arsames into the distant past, as scattered finds in the various areas of the fortified hill indicate. Some belonged to prehistoric times. Our attention was also called to several caves at the foot of the west and south-west flanks of Eski Kale. We examined the terrace before the entrance, and the entrance of one of them. As might have been expected, the layers here were disturbed, but we found several larger and smaller blades of obsidian, worked bones and ceramic fragments which are derived from the Early Bronze Period. Since the time of E. J. Gautier, who, in the year 1894, discovered in Kommagene at Birecik, on the Euphrates (Classical Zeugma-Apameia), the first prehistoric stone artifacts, additional old Stone Age stations have become known from Adiyaman, in the north, to Jerablus (Hittite Carchemish) to the south, and Gaziantep to the west. The caves on Eski Kale, being characteristic of the Old Stone Age stations, make it almost certain that the settlement of the citadel took place at least in this early period of human development. So Eski Kale, whose modern name until recently was wrapped in mystery, now is being revealed by our excavations as an important link of Asia Minor between the civilisations of the Mediterranean Lands and Asia.



I FOUND it odd that the exhibition in Paris of French nineteenth-century pictures and drawings from American collections did not include a single painting by Alfred Sisley. Not that I'm complaining because this one item was missing from so rich a feast—that would be base ingratitude—but because to me and, I am sure, to many others, Sisley is to be numbered among the elect, and we should have found it extremely difficult to leave him out had we been given any say in the matter. It was therefore all the more pleasant on returning to London to find twenty of his paintings, together with thirty by Camille Pissarro, in an exhibition at the Marlborough Fine Art Galleries, mainly from private collections, in aid of the Save the Children Fund and Children and Youth Aliyah.

The two men almost demand to share a gallery between them, for in many respects their work is similar, not merely in subject, but in essence; occasionally it requires quite a little thought before you can be certain you are looking at something by one and not the other. Perhaps this is in itself an indication that they do not reach the heights achieved by their more famous contemporaries, whose handwriting is unmistakable; there can be no such doubt before a Monet or a Renoir or a Cézanne. Their appearance together in this show is appropriate also for a purely sentimental reason, for of all that remarkable band who revealed to a largely hostile public a new aspect of the visible world by the use of broken colour, these two achieved the least worldly success, Sisley dying in complete destitution and Pissarro, as his letters to his son bear witness, at his wits' end, year in and year out. Of the others, some were in easy circumstances from the beginning, like Manet and Degas; others, like Monet and Renoir, after early hardships, attained to affluence. As for Cézanne, he would certainly have starved but, as he put it, "My father was a genius—he left me a fortune."

I find it extraordinarily difficult at this distance of time to understand why it was that these two found buyers so coy right to the end of the road, when to-day everything by either of them is far beyond the reach of the normal pocket. It could not have been their own somewhat difficult, but not over-difficult, personalities which were at fault; Durand-Ruel showed

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. THE ALSO-RANS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

of throwing a pot of paint in the public's face; no less obtuse and silly things were said of these much greater men when their pictures were first seen over here; and Sir Hugh Lane was regarded in many respectable quarters as not merely an eccentric but a dangerous fool when he not only admired them but bought them. (For the benefit of the young people of to-day, I should note that Sir Hugh Lane lost his life when the *Lusitania* was sunk by a submarine in 1915. In his

distinction upon it; indeed, I think we appreciate them even more as we grow older and derive greater enjoyment from sky and river and countryside, because we see nature through their eyes, especially when the sun shines—or, rather, if the sun shines—during an English summer. (I happen to be writing this looking out upon a drenched garden.) I suppose that of the two, Sisley is the more consistent in maintaining that gossamer delicacy which seems to me to be one of his characteristics, while Pissarro—not quite such a "natural"—looks about him more and allows himself to be influenced now and then by other painters. There was one period, for example, when, as is well known, he became convinced that the future lay with Seurat and the Pointillists. Perhaps it was this liking for thinking about painting rather than merely feeling which made him, in his letters, say such harsh things sometimes about poor Sisley. Mr. Alan Clutton-Brock, in his introduction to the catalogue, refers to these criticisms, quoting a phrase he used about both Monet and Sisley—"more retrograde than ever." Here is another of his remarks: "As for Sisley, I just can't enjoy his work, it is commonplace, forced, disordered; Sisley has a good eye and his work will certainly charm all those whose artistic sense is not very refined." How do we account for so malicious a judgment from a man normally so equable and kindly? More than usual worries?—or just more than usually out of sorts?

However, some years later he makes handsome amends. "He is a great and beautiful artist; in my opinion he is a master equal to the greatest"—but by then Sisley was dead, and the world has long since made up its own mind about the merits of each of them. As is the way of the world, it has also decided that the value to-day of a single picture by either is such that it would have kept these two struggling men and their families in affluence for two or three years. There they are, sharing a gallery, praised—and justly praised—by everybody. I leave it to you to decide why it is that some painters achieve success during their lifetime, while others, no less competent, have to wait until success can interest them no more. It is next to impossible to translate the mingled



"THE DELAFOLIE HOUSE AT ERAGNY"; BY CAMILLE PISSARRO (1830-1903). SIGNED LOWER RIGHT AND DATED 1885. (Canvas; 22½ by 23½ ins.) (Private collection; Switzerland.)

On this page Frank Davis discusses the current exhibition devoted to the works of Camille Pissarro and Alfred Sisley at the Marlborough Fine Art Galleries in Old Bond Street. Arranged in aid of the Save the Children Fund and Children and Youth Aliyah, it will continue until the end of July. The exhibits include loans from many private collections.



"WINTER MORNING"; BY ALFRED SISLEY (1839-1899). SIGNED LOWER RIGHT; PAINTED 1878. (Canvas; 23½ by 32 ins.) (Private collection; Switzerland.)

"By contrast with Pissarro, and even with Monet, Sisley was certainly the lyricist. His eye was not quite so startlingly exact as Monet's, but when he is at his best neither Monet nor Pissarro can find such unforced and exquisitely undeliberate poetry in the unaltered appearance of everyday scenes," writes Mr. Alan Clutton-Brock in his introduction to the catalogue of the Sisley and Pissarro Exhibition at the Marlborough Fine Art Galleries, Old Bond Street.

their work, together with the others, and, at the beginning, nearly ruined himself in the process; if the public persists in ignoring a painter, what can the dealer do about it? The more one reads about the market for pictures in Paris in the 1870's and '80's the more incomprehensible it appears. Equally incomprehensible is the violent abuse by their compatriots of all these men who persisted in exploring the mysteries of light in a way which was new, and of the no less violent attacks made upon them in England much later. There was even less excuse for us for, after all, they were on the same track as our own Constable.

Everyone has read the story of how Ruskin made a complete ass of himself when he accused Whistler

to the National Gallery. In an unsigned codicil he left them to Dublin. They have remained in London ever since, and the Irish—whose memories are excellent—from time to time remind us of the testator's apparently final intentions.) I suppose people get set in their ways and hate to see new painters doing anything more than following exactly in the footsteps of their predecessors, but, if I can generalise from my own experience, those of us who grew up while all the fuss was going on, never had the least difficulty in accepting and enjoying all this remarkable school, from the greatest to the least. They seemed to us then, as they do to-day, as the heirs of a tradition going back far into the past and as conferring new



"KEW GREEN"; BY CAMILLE PISSARRO (1830-1903). SIGNED LOWER RIGHT AND DATED 1892. (Canvas; 18½ by 21½ ins.) (Private collection; Switzerland.)

Camille Pissarro visited England three times, first in 1870 during the Franco-Prussian War, then in 1890, when he painted several pictures, and again in 1892, when he found a number of subjects in Kew Gardens.

will he made a bequest of his Impressionist pictures to the National Gallery. In an unsigned codicil he left them to Dublin. They have remained in London ever since, and the Irish—whose memories are excellent—from time to time remind us of the testator's apparently final intentions.) I suppose people get set in their ways and hate to see new painters doing anything more than following exactly in the footsteps of their predecessors, but, if I can generalise from my own experience, those of us who grew up while all the fuss was going on, never had the least difficulty in accepting and enjoying all this remarkable school, from the greatest to the least. They seemed to us then, as they do to-day, as the heirs of a tradition going back far into the past and as conferring new

delicacy and sparkle of their work into the terms of a monochrome photography; all these illustrations can do is to remind those whose visual memories are good and who are already familiar with the paintings of the French Impressionists how eagerly Pissarro and Sisley pursued the conquest of light and imprisoned it upon canvas. Each painter visited England; indeed, Sisley's parents were English and he crossed the Channel in 1871, in 1874 (when he painted at Hampton Court), in 1881 (Isle of Wight) and in 1897, when he worked on the South Wales coast, in the neighbourhood of Swansea and Cardiff. Pissarro was in England in 1870, returning to France the following June. He is next in London in 1890, and again in 1892, the date of the painting of Kew Green, which we reproduce.

A LOAN EXHIBITION IN AID OF WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.



"THE FIRST EARL OF MALMESBURY," BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, P.R.A. (1769-1830). (53½ by 44½ ins.) (Dorothy Countess of Malmesbury.)



"SHEPHERD AND SHEPHERDESS"; BY FRANÇOIS BOUCHER (1703-1770). SIGNED AND DATED 1748. AN APPARENTLY UNRECORDED WORK. (30½ by 24 ins.) (Major J. M. Mills.)

FROM HOUSES IN HAMPSHIRE: OLD MASTERS NOW ON VIEW.



"JAMES CALTHORPE"; BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A. (1723-1792). SIGNED AND DATED 1773. (50½ by 39½ ins.) (Brigadier R. Anstruther-Gough-Calthorpe.)



"MARES WITH A GROOM"; BY JAMES SEYMOUR (1702-1752). SIGNED AND DATED 1747. (38½ by 49 ins.) (The Duke of Wellington.)



"THE REV. AND MRS. MASTER"; BY ARTHUR DEVIS (1711-1787), c. 1745-50. THE HANGING PORTRAITS REPRESENT MR. MASTER'S BROTHER AND SISTER: HIS CHURCH IS SEEN THROUGH THE WINDOW. (32½ by 39½ ins.) (Sir Brian Mountain.)

Continued.]

When at Winchester College admission to the exhibition will be 2s. 6d. until after 6 p.m.; when the price will be 1s.; and at Southampton the cost is to be 1s. 6d. To-day, July 2, the exhibition will open to the public from 2-8; and subsequently from 10-8 on week-days. The seven paintings we reproduce give an idea of the interest of the collection. The Boucher is apparently unrecorded. The Reynolds of Mr. James Calthorpe, of Ampton, County Suffolk, who died in 1784, is virtually unrecorded, and is a work of rare power. It was perhaps exhibited in the R.A. of 1773, the year in which it was painted.

TO-DAY, Saturday, July 2, a very interesting Loan Exhibition of Old Masters from Hampshire Houses is due to open in Winchester College, where it is being held by kind permission of the Warden and Fellows. It has been organised by Mr. Oliver Millar (who selected the exhibits and compiled the catalogue) for the Friends of Winchester Cathedral, and is being held in aid of their funds for the preservation of Winchester Cathedral. After remaining at Winchester College until July 21, it will move to Southampton Art Gallery, where, by kind permission of the Mayor and Corporation, it will be shown from July 27 until August 17.

(Continued below, left.)



"LE MANÈGE" (THE RIDING SCHOOL); BY KAREL DUJARDIN (1625-1678.) SIGNED AND DATED 1654. (20 by 18 ins.) (Lord Northbrook.)



"THE BEGGAR'S OPERA"; BY WILLIAM HOGARTH (1679-1764). SIGNED AND DATED 172(?)8, PROBABLY THE EARLIEST VERSION OF HOGARTH'S TREATMENT OF THE SUBJECT. (18½ by 21½ ins.) (Brigadier R. Anstruther-Gough-Calthorpe.)

"FAIR PROSPECTS" BY GREAT PAINTERS OF THE
18-19TH CENTURIES: IN A COMING SALE.



"THE PORTELLO AND THE BRENTA CANAL, AT PADUA"; BY ANTONIO CANAL, CALLED CANALETTO (1697-1768). PAINTED C. 1735-40. A COPY BY BELOTTO IS AT DARMSTADT, AND THERE IS A CLOSELY-RELATED DRAWING AT WINDSOR. (23½ by 42 ins.)

A VERY important art sale is fixed for July 15 at Christie Manson and Wood's great rooms. The lots due to come under the hammer include the Vagliano collection of ancient and modern paintings and drawings, and old masters and nineteenth and twentieth-century works of the British and Continental schools from various collections, all of high quality, and ranging over a large field. On this and the facing page we reproduce a selection of paintings which are to be dispersed in this sale. The prices for works of art continue to be very high, and it is likely that some lively bidding will be heard when the auctioneer mounts the rostrum on July 15. The "fair prospects" of Venice and Padua and of the

[Continued below, right.]



"THE DOGANA AND THE CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA DELLA SALUTE, VENICE"; BY FRANCESCO GUARDI (1712-1793), THE FAMOUS VIEW OF THE ENTRANCE TO THE GRAND CANAL, WITH GONDOLAS, SHIPPING AND FIGURES. (15½ by 27½ ins.)



"AN ORCHARD WITH A VILLAGE BEYOND"; BY CAMILLE PISSARRO (1830-1903), ONE OF THE FINE PAINTINGS DUE TO COME UP FOR SALE, IN COMMON WITH THE OTHER WORKS REPRODUCED ON THESE PAGES, AT CHRISTIE'S ON JULY 15. (17½ by 21½ ins.)



"A STREET SCENE IN A COUNTRY TOWN"; BY ALFRED SISLEY (1839-1899), A BEAUTIFUL EXAMPLE OF THE WORK OF THIS ARTIST, WHO, WITH CAMILLE PISSARRO, IS DISCUSSED BY MR. FRANK DAVIS ON ANOTHER PAGE. (17½ by 25 ins.)

[Continued.]

Channel coast and of a French town and a country scene which we reproduce on this page form an interesting illustration of the different approaches of the Italian artists of the eighteenth century and the French painters of the nineteenth century. Guardi and Canaletto present a sparkling world at high noon—the atmosphere is calm, and though the figures are lively and full of motion, there is no breath of wind in the skies. Boudin, on the other hand, in his beach scene at Deauville, allows one to feel conscious of the invigorating Channel breezes; and the movements of light and shadow are captured in Sisley's view of a country town, and in Pissarro's Orchard with a distant view of a church and houses amid

[Continued below, left.]



"LE RIVAGE DE BERCK-SUR-MER"; BY EUGENE BOUDIN (1825-1898), PAINTED IN 1883. A DELIGHTFUL VIEW OF THE SHORE AT LOW TIDE WITH FISHERWOMEN SEATED ON THE SANDS. (18½ by 28 ins.)

[Continued.]

trees, with the skill characteristic of the Impressionist School to which they belonged. The Corot landscape reproduced on our facing page is a late work painted in 1874, the year before the artist's death. Corot worked from nature, and his poetic feeling for the beauties of the country in sunshine and shadow is a feature of the Barbizon School, of which he is usually considered to be the founder. The two eighteenth-century portraits reproduced on our facing page have documentary as well as artistic interest. Mme. Favart (1727-1772) was a brilliant



"DEAUVILLE"; BY EUGENE BOUDIN (1825-1898), A BEACH SCENE WITH A FASHIONABLY DRESSED LADY AND TWO MEN SEATED NEAR HER IN THE FOREGROUND, AND TWO CHILDREN. (On panel; 10 by 15 ins.)

actress of the Opéra-Comique and the wife of Charles-Simon Favart, who wrote many plays and vaudevilles and was a protégé of Mme. de Pompadour; and Marie-Claire des Champs De Marsilly, Viscountess Bolingbroke, wife of the first Viscount Bolingbroke, the famous statesman and writer of the reigns of Queen Anne, George I. and George II., was a niece of Mme. de Maintenon, the pious "Widow Scarron," who was governess to the children of Mme. de Montespan and Louis XIV., and eventually became the second wife of that monarch.

ARTIFICIAL GRACE AND NATURAL BEAUTY:
PRESENTED IN FRENCH AND DUTCH ART.



"LA CHARRETTE (SOUVENIR DE SAINTREY)"; BY J. B. C. COROT (1796-1875), A LATE WORK OF THE MASTER, PAINTED IN 1874. (17½ by 22 ins.)



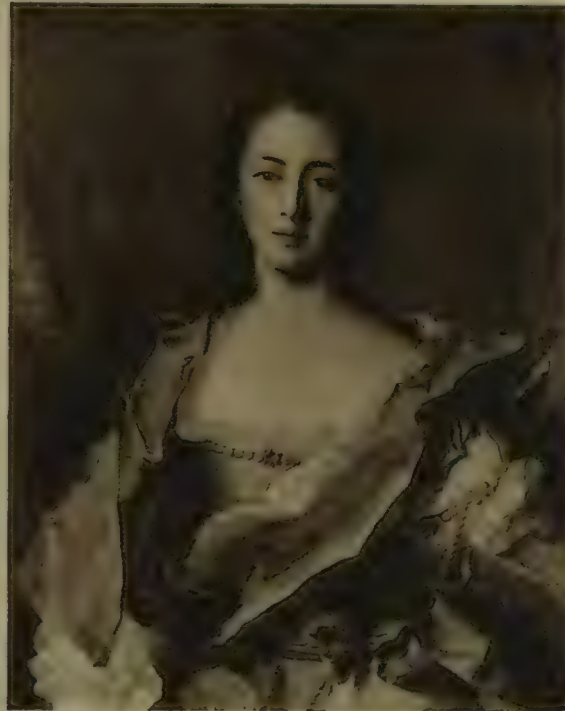
"A WOODY ROAD SCENE"; BY MEINDERT HOBBEEMA (1638-1709), A FINE WORK EXHIBITED AT THE BRITISH INSTITUTION, 1835. SIGNED. (Panel; 12 by 15½ ins.)



"PORTRAIT OF MADAME FAVART"; BY J. B. VAN LOO (1684-1745). THE SITTER WAS A WELL-KNOWN ACTRESS. EXHIBITED IN GLASGOW IN 1902. (31 by 25 ins.)



"NYMPHES SURPRISES"; BY JACQUES CHARLIER (ACTIVE IN FRANCE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY). A PAIR TO "NYMPHE ENDORMIE." (Gouache; 18½ by 14 ins.)



"MARIE-CLAIRE DES CHAMPS DE MARSILLY, VISCONTRESS BOLINGBROKE"; BY J. M. NATTIER (1685-1766). THE SITTER WAS A NIECE OF MME. DE MAINTENON. (30 by 25 ins.)



"THE DANCE"; BY J.-B. PATER (1695-1736), A *FÊTE GALANTE* SUBJECT WITH A YOUNG COUPLE DANCING IN THE CENTRE TO THE SOUND OF BAGPIPES. (30 by 39 ins.)

The pictures and drawings from British and Continental schools in the Vagliano collection, and from other sources which are to be dispersed at Christie's on July 15, include excellent examples of the work of widely differing schools. For instance, Jean-Baptiste Pater's elegant *Fete Galante* paintings, set in a fairy-tale garden landscape whose inhabitants would seem immune from all earthly troubles,



"THE SWING"; BY J.-B. PATER (1695-1736), ONE OF THE CHARMINGLY ELEGANT AND ARTIFICIAL PAINTINGS POPULAR IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY IN FRANCE. (30 by 39 ins.)

and Charliér's decorative "*Nymphes Surprises*" (a pair to "*Nymphe Endormie*," which we do not reproduce) are characteristic of the artificial grace of the works produced by artists for their aristocratic patrons of the Ancien Régime in France; while genuine rustic life and rural beauty is presented with perfect felicity in the landscapes by Hobbema, the Dutch master, and Corot, the French genius.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



HARVEST MICE.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

HARVEST mice are well known to us. It is common knowledge that they frequent cornfields, where their globular nests of shredded leaves are suspended from the cornstalks. Most of all, perhaps, we remember them for the way they loop their tails round the stalks when climbing. I last saw them wild in 1910, and writers since that time have all stressed the increasing rarity of this small rodent. In spite of this apparent rarity, the harvest mouse is still well known. It is, therefore, mildly surprising to find that it was not discovered until 1767, by the famous naturalist, Gilbert White, of Selborne. We may reasonably presume that the mouse had been seen by somebody prior to this date, but "discovered" in the sense used here means not only seeing the animal but setting it on record. Yet, even if we suppose that reapers in the field, or other persons unnamed, did already know of its existence, it could not have been well known. There are no legends attaching to it that I can discover, and our knowledge of it, even to-day, is not very extensive.

It so happened that another English naturalist, Montagu, writing in 1803, claims to have first discovered the harvest mouse, in 1767, although White's priority in it is now generally accepted. Four years later the same species was discovered in Russia by the famous naturalist, Pallas. Pennant, writing in 1768, uses the name "lesser long-tailed field-mouse," but from 1776 onwards the present name appears to have been used, with the occasional variant, "harvest rat." Only one local name has been set on record, for Essex. This is "red ranny."

Having recently been presented with two pairs of harvest mice, we installed the four in a large glass cage on a table in the living-room. A flooring of peat and grass litter covered the bottom of the cage, long twigs were set in the litter, up which the mice could climb, and in one corner was set a glass pot containing water. Into this pot was set a bunch of grasses and other wild flowers, and these are changed every day. In the opposite corner of the cage another small glass pot of water was fixed a few inches up from the top of the litter. Near by, set in the litter itself, is a small bowl of grain and seed.

Because the harvest mice have been housed in the living-room it has been possible to keep them

taking special notice one could not fail to see that sometimes not a mouse was visible and at other times all four would be out running up and over the grass, feeding energetically. On a particular Sunday, the weather being wet—no uncommon phenomenon—I spent all day in front of the cage diarising the movements of the mice. There are few things more interesting than watching harvest mice at work, and few things more tedious than jotting down the times they are at work:



SHOWING THE LONG WHISKERS AND THE EYE AND EAR WHICH ARE SMALLER THAN IN OTHER MICE: A HARVEST MOUSE SEEN IN A CLOSE-UP VIEW, SHOWING ONE OF THE HIND FEET WITH THE EXTRA GRASPING PAD WITH WHICH THE MOUSE CAN HOLD ON TO A BLADE OF GRASS.

Photographs by Neave Parker.

When first I started this session of mouse-watching all four were active. This spell of activity lasted for about a quarter of an hour, then it began to tail, with three visible, then two, and one until finally all had gone below into the grass litter. Then came a long period of waiting, an hour during which no mouse was visible above ground. Then one came out, drank some water and went below again. Another long wait

from early morning to nearly midnight on one single day, it is possible by casual observation to see that the pattern differs little from day to day. Moreover, I have taken advantage of random breaks in my night's sleep to continue the observations round the clock. For some days, if I happened to wake during the night, I went downstairs to see what the harvest mice were doing. The record made in this way is by no means complete, but taken in conjunction with the complete diary for one day, it does suggest that the rhythm seen by day is continued into the night. Moreover, my impression is that the activity is more intense during the hours of darkness.

As we have seen, Barrett-Hamilton has stated that activity is aroused by light. This could lead to the suspicion that in visiting my pets by night I had stirred them into activity by switching on a light. I would make it clear, therefore, that my nocturnal visits were made solely by the light from a masked electric torch and that no more of its rays were allowed to fall on the harvest mice than was necessary to see them. Further, I have tested the mice with lights of varying intensity at different times of the night and day without any obvious derangement of their normal activities. Unless my eyes deceive me badly, therefore, there is no question of harvest mice being diurnal or nocturnal. Their lives are governed by alternating periods of rest and activity, fairly regularly spaced and continuing round the clock.

One of the outstanding lessons drawn from recent studies is that in so many animals there is a rhythm of this sort. So far as small mammals are concerned, the rhythm, often is of the same type and order as that I have described here for harvest mice. That does not mean that the flow of their activities is rigidly linked with the clock. If, for example, a fresh bunch of grasses, especially of particular kinds of grasses, is put into the cage, the mice will come out and feed heavily, even if the change has been effected no more than a quarter of an hour after a previous feeding period.

That the mice really do rest during their disappearances into the litter we can be sure. Conveniently, they have made their nesting chamber close against the glass side of the cage, and one side of the grass wall enclosing it is incomplete. We can therefore



NESTLING AMONG THE GRASSES IN A GLASS TANK IN DR. BURTON'S LIVING-ROOM: A HARVEST MOUSE, WHICH IS ONE OF OUR SMALLEST NATIVE MAMMALS. IT IS VERY GRACEFUL AND A NIMBLE AND SKILFUL CLIMBER AND ACROBAT.

under fairly constant observation. The glass cage being large and its contents approximating closely to a natural environment, there is a reasonable chance that anything the mice do is likely to be close to a natural behaviour. Indeed, the situation now is that added to the furniture is a decorative set-piece containing harvest mice so used to us that even a sudden movement on our part may not disturb them. And normally they take no notice of anything outside their own world.

According to Barrett-Hamilton, the harvest mouse "is in the main diurnal and in captivity it is aroused to activity by light." Our casual observations suggested that there was a rhythmic activity. Without

before a second mouse came out to drink. There were intermittent and solitary excursions of this sort for some two hours, after which it was not long before all four were out feeding busily.

Throughout that day there was a rhythm of rest period, usually broken by one mouse coming out to drink, followed by increasing activity, reaching a peak lasting for a quarter to half an hour. There is a fair variation in the pattern of these periods of activity, but on the whole my diary shows that there is a peak at approximately three to four hours, with a period of total rest lasting for an hour and situated midway between the two peaks. Having compiled a diary



ONE OF THE MOST FAMILIAR BUT LEAST-OFTEN SEEN OF OUR NATIVE MAMMALS: A HARVEST MOUSE, WHICH IS A LITTLE OVER 2 INS. IN LENGTH (HEAD AND BODY) AND HAS A TAIL OF ABOUT THE SAME LENGTH. IT WEIGHS LESS THAN HALF AN OUNCE AND ITS HABITAT IS THE BOTTOM OF HEDGEROWS AND GRASSY BANKS. ITS COAT IS DARK BROWN ABOVE, CHESTNUT ON THE FLANKS, AND WHITE BELOW.

watch them huddled together in sleep, see one of them rouse to scratch after which all huddle in together again to continue their rest. We can also see when one leaves the sleeping group to go above for a drink or a quick tour of the foliage.

Although, as I have said, the rhythm of activity can be upset, as when fresh grass is put in the cage, there is one important difference between a natural onset of activity and one that is induced. In the latter there is less of the apparently aimless wandering up and down the grass stems in what seems to be almost recreational activity.

SOME PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE WHO ARE IN THE PUBLIC EYE TO-DAY.



TO BE C-IN-C, PLYMOUTH:
ADMIRAL SIR MARK PIZEY.

Admiral Pizey, at present Chief of Naval Staff, Indian Navy, was appointed on June 23 to succeed Admiral Sir Alexander Madden as Commander-in-Chief Plymouth, with effect in November. He was born in 1899, reaching flag rank in 1948.



A MILITANT SUFFRAGIST:
THE LATE MISS EVELYN SHARP.

Miss Evelyn Sharp, author, journalist, and crusader for many social and humane causes, who has died aged eighty-five, took an active part in the women's suffrage movement and received a prison sentence more than once. She was the widow of Henry Nevinston.



MASTER OF PEMBROKE COLLEGE:
THE LATE DR. F. HOMES DIDDEN.

The Rev. Frederick Homes Dudden, who died on June 21 at the age of eighty, had been Master of Pembroke College, Oxford, since 1918. He was Vice-Chancellor of the University from 1929-32, and also served as Pro-Vice-Chancellor for thirteen years. His publications included: "Henry Fielding: His Life, Work and Times."



A SOUTHERN RHODESIAN
APPOINTMENT: MISS NICOL SMITH.

Miss Nicol Smith, M.A. (Cantab.), Dip. Ed. (Oxon), has been appointed first Headmistress of the Arundel School, Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, a new senior independent boarding and day school for girls for the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, which will be opened in February 1956; for, eventually, 300 pupils.



"REPRESSOR" OF THE ARGENTINE
REVOLT: GENERAL LUCERO.

General Lucero, Argentine Minister of the Army, "commander of the forces of repression of insurrection" in the revolt, was reported to be replacing General Peron. On June 22, however, the latter reassumed command of the Army.



THE OXFORD CRICKET CAPTAIN:
MR. C. C. P. WILLIAMS.

On the week-end before the University cricket match at Lord's on July 2, the Oxford captain, C. C. P. Williams (Westminster and Christ Church), scored 95 against Sussex.



WINCHESTER'S VICTORY OVER ETON: THE OPPOSING TEAMS AND TWELFTH MEN.

Winchester defeated Eton in the Eton-Winchester match on June 24 and 25 by seven wickets, a great occasion, as not for thirty-five years has Eton lost in New Field, Winchester. Our group of the opposing teams shows, 1. to r., in front, W. S. Aylen (W.); G. E. D. Pearson (E.); H. D. A. C. Miers (W.); and R. A. Head (E.); second row, P. R. Stevens (W.); D. R. Stoddart (E.); C. A. A. Black (W.); C. H. Gibson (E., captain); D. R. McCarthy (W., captain); C. T. H. Pugh (E.); B. L. Reed (W.); A. M. Wolfe-Murray (E.); and, back row, J. J. B. Rowe (W.); D. C. Edwards (W.); H. C. Blofeld (E.); D. E. B. Campbell (W.); S. Douglas-Pennant (E.); A. E. Seager (W.); A. P. M. Marsham (E.); T. C. Travers (W.); E. J. Lane-Fox (E.); I. A. C. Sinclair (E.); M. D. Barton (W.); and A. R. B. Burrows (E.).



THE CAMBRIDGE CRICKET CAPTAIN:
MR. D. R. W. SILK.

D. R. W. Silk (Christ's Hospital and Sidney Sussex), the Cambridge captain, struck form on the week-end before the University match and made 65 against Gloucestershire.



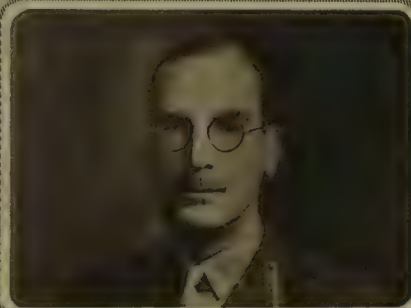
APPOINTED ASTRONOMER ROYAL
DR. R. VAN DE R. WOOLLEY.

Dr. Woolley, Commonwealth Astronomer since 1939 and Director of the Commonwealth Observatory at Canberra, is to succeed Sir H. Spencer Jones, on January 1, 1956, as Astronomer Royal at the Royal Greenwich Observatory. Aged forty-nine, he was Isaac Newton student, Cambridge University, 1931-33; and Chief Assistant, Royal Observatory, Greenwich, 1933-37.



FOUND AFTER 64 HOURS' SEARCH:
JAMES JOHNSON, AGED THREE.

James Johnson, aged three (shown with his mother, Mrs. Johnson), was reported lost on June 21 on Salisbury Plain. Police, Servicemen, helicopters, light aircraft and police dogs searched for him; and after nearly 64 hours he was found unharmed. It is not known how he survived. He is too young to give any explanation.



DIED ON JUNE 24, AGED FIFTY-FIVE:
LIEUT.-GENERAL W. D. A. LENTAIGNE.

After Wingate's death in 1944, Lieut.-General Lentaigne succeeded him in command of the Chindits in Burma. He joined the 4th Gurkha Rifles as a subaltern in 1918; was D.A.Q.M.C. G.H.Q., India, 1938; and commanded the 1st Bn. 4th Gurkhas in Burma in 1942. In 1948 he was appointed Commandant 9th Indian Defence Services Staff College.



THE NEW RESIDENT-GENERAL IN MOROCCO:
M. GILBERT GRANDVAL.

On June 20 M. Grandval was appointed to succeed M. Lacoste as the French Resident-General in Morocco. He is fifty-one and has been closely associated with the Saar, being first High Commissioner there, and later diplomatic representative. He is reputed a "strong man" and capable organiser. It is generally believed that this new appointment heralds reforms in Morocco.



OPEN U.S. CHAMPION: J. FLECK, AND (RIGHT)
BEN HOGAN, RUNNER-UP.

Jack Fleck, a little-known professional golfer from Davenport, Ia., won the U.S. Open Golf Championship on June 19 at San Francisco, beating Ben Hogan by three strokes in the 18-hole play-off. Hogan, four times winner of the title and 1953 British Open champion, was only one stroke behind at the last hole of a great struggle. He hooked his tee shot into the rough and took six to his opponent's four.



AT THE MALTA TALKS IN LONDON: (L. TO R.) MR. DOM MINTOFF, MR. A. LENNOX-BOYD, DR. G. BORG OLIVIER AND MR. HENRY HOPKINSON.

The talks on the future status of Malta opened in London on June 20. Our photograph, taken before the conference opened, shows Mr. Mintoff, Malta's Prime Minister; Dr. Borg Olivier, the Nationalist leader and previous Prime Minister; the Colonial Secretary, Mr. Lennox-Boyd, and Mr. H. Hopkinson, the Minister of State for Colonial Affairs.



WITH SIR ANTHONY EDEN:
THE PRIME MINISTER OF BURMA, H.E. U NU.

The Prime Minister of Burma, H.E. U Nu, and Mrs. Nu, who paid an official seven-day visit to this country, were received by the Queen on June 21, and on June 20 had lunch with the Prime Minister and Lady Eden at Downing Street. H.E. U Nu and Mrs. Nu left for New York by air on June 23 after the Premier had presented a cheque for £1500 to Admiral Lord Mountbatten for the Burma Star Association.

THE FIRST WEEK OF THE WIMBLEDON BATTLE: SOME OF THE

OUTSTANDING COMPETITORS IN THE L.T.A. CHAMPIONSHIPS.



THE MAN WHO BROUGHT ABOUT ONE OF THE FIRST UPSETS: G. SHEA (U.S.A.), WHO DEFEATED HIS COMPATRIOT V. SEIXAS (SEED NO. 3) ON THE THIRD DAY.



IN THE LAST EIGHT: L. A. HOAD OF AUSTRALIA (SEED NO. 4), WHO WAS DEFEATED BY R. PATTY (U.S.A.) IN THE QUARTER-FINALS ON JUNE 27. THE SCORE WAS 6-4, 6-4, 6-4.



THE NO. 1 SEED: T. TRABERT (U.S.A.), WHO DEFEATED THE HOLDER, J. DROBNY (EGYPT), ON THE CENTRE COURT ON JUNE 27 BY 8-6, 6-1, 6-4.



THE ITALIAN PAIR, WHO NEARLY DEFEATED THE AMERICAN TOP SEEDS ON THE FIRST SATURDAY: N. PIETRANGELI (LEFT) AND O. SIROLA IN PLAY DURING AN EXCITING MATCH.



A GIRL FROM CALIFORNIA WHO CAME SAFELY THROUGH THE FIRST WEEK: MISS DARLENE HARD (SEED NO. 6) IN PLAY DURING AN EARLY MATCH.



THE 1953 CHAMPION AND NO. 3 SEED, WHO WAS KNOCKED OUT BY G. SHEA, A YOUNG COMPATRIOT, IN THE SECOND ROUND OF THE SINGLES: V. SEIXAS (U.S.A.) IN ACTION.



IN THE LAST EIGHT: S. DAVIDSON OF SWEDEN (SEED NO. 8), WHO WAS DEFEATED BY K. R. ROSEWALL OF AUSTRALIA (SEED NO. 2) IN THE QUARTER-FINALS BY 6-4, 6-4, 6-2.



THE BRITISH PAIR WHO BROUGHT ABOUT A MAJOR SURPRISE: MISS J. MIDDLETON (LEFT) AND MISS D. SPIERS, WHO BEAT THE TOP SEEDS OF THE WOMEN'S DOUBLES.



THE FIRST ITALIAN TO REACH THE LAST EIGHT SINCE 1928: N. PIETRANGELI, WHO WAS DEFEATED BY K. NIELSEN (DENMARK) IN THE QUARTER-FINALS.



THE 1954 CHAMPION: J. DROBNY (EGYPT), WHO WAS SEED NO. 6, BUT DEFEATED BY T. TRABERT, THE TOP SEED, IN THE QUARTER-FINALS.



ALL OUT TO WIN: M. G. DAVIES, BRITAIN'S LAST REPRESENTATIVE IN THE SINGLES, WHO WAS DEFEATED BY G. MERLO (ITALY), IN AN EXCITING MATCH.



SEATED IN THE THIRD ROUND: R. HARTWIG (AUSTRALIA), SEED NO. 5, WHO WAS DEFEATED BY THE UNSEED A. SEGAL (SOUTH AFRICA).



IN PLAY DURING THE OPENING WEEK: MISS D. HART (U.S.A.), WHO WAS EXPECTED TO WIN THE SINGLES.



WINNER OF THE SINGLES IN 1948, 1949 AND 1950: MISS L. BROUGH (U.S.A.), IN PLAY DURING THE OPENING WEEK OF THE CHAMPIONSHIPS.



KNOCKING OUT A SEED: THE UNSEED A. SEGAL (SOUTH AFRICA), WHO DEFEATED R. HARTWIG (AUSTRALIA).



A SEMI-FINALIST: K. ROSEWALL (AUSTRALIA), SEED NO. 2, WHO DEFEATED S. DAVIDSON (SWEDEN) IN THE QUARTER-FINALS.



BRITAIN'S ONLY REPRESENTATIVE TO SURVIVE THE FIRST WEEK IN THE SINGLES: MISS ANGELA BUXTON.



THE 1950 CHAMPION WHO DEFEATED L. HOAD (AUSTRALIA), SEED NO. 4, IN THE QUARTER-FINALS: L. HOAD (U.S.A.).

At the time of writing, the Wimbledon Lawn Tennis Championships are just entering their second week and the excitement is mounting daily. But the first week, which was blessed for the most part with perfect tennis weather, was full of interest, even if it was not sensational. There was much good tennis to be watched on all the courts and the size of the crowds which made their way to the All England Club proved, if any proof was necessary, that the public interest in first-class lawn tennis is as great as it has ever been. On these pages we show some of the players, mostly

in action, who were particularly in the public eye during the first half of the championships. The third day at Wimbledon saw two major upsets when two seeded players, one a man, the other a woman, were beaten. V. Seixas, of the United States, champion of 1953 and seeded No. 3, was overcome by a young compatriot, G. Shea, in a gruelling five-set match. The other upset was the defeat of Miss A. Mortimer, of Great Britain, seeded No. 4, who recently raised hopes by her victory in the French Championships. She was defeated by Mrs. Z. Kormos, of

Hungary. On the same day A. J. Mottram, Britain's leading player, was beaten by the Italian, N. Pietrangeli. On the next day, June 23, R. Hartwig (Australia), ranked No. 5, was surprisingly defeated by A. Segal, of South Africa. W. A. Knight, of Britain, went down with flying colours to S. Davidson (Sweden), seeded No. 8, who took five sets to beat him. The really big surprise of the first week occurred on Friday, the fifth day, when two young British girls, Miss Jennifer Middleton and Miss Doreen Spiers, beat the top seeds in the Women's Doubles. Miss D. Hart and

her fellow-American, Mrs. G. C. Davidson, by 6-4, 1-6, 6-2. On June 25 the greatest excitement came in the Men's Doubles when the American top seeds, V. Seixas and T. Trabert, made a memorable recovery against the Italians, N. Pietrangeli and O. Sirola, defeating them by 4-6, 16-18, 6-4, 6-4, 6-1. The first day of the second week was marked by a combination of exciting encounters. T. Trabert (U.S.A.), seeded No. 1, defeated the holder, J. Drobny (Egypt); B. Patty (U.S.A.) defeated L. Hoad (Australia) and K. Rosewall (Australia) beat S. Davidson (Sweden).

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

THE UNDECORATED SCHOOL.

By J. C. TREWIN.

MOBY DICK, as we know, is a whale, a white whale—Captain Ahab would have used the definite article—and in Herman Melville's novel its presence dominates. When a play is called "Moby Dick"—Orson Welles's, at the Duke of York's, is straight from Melville—we begin to ponder. What can be done about that whale? Inevitably, it must be a thing of the imagination; the dramatist will have to employ as much tact and summoning power as possible to get us to believe. (In the film version we can be sure that the whale will be solidity itself; that is another kind of angler's story.)

Orson Welles, presumably, takes the view that what the Elizabethan dramatists could manage, we can, and that it is enough for us to see "in the mind's eye, Horatio." (I am not saying that the Elizabethans and Jacobean specialists in whales, but they conjured up much else.) In theory, reasonable enough; but a production must be either one thing or the other. The story must be told in full spectacular foam, with all the oceans of the world spilling across the stage, or else the cupboard must be bare, entirely bare, and we must (as in sound-radio) create the matter in our minds, the whale and the whalers and those lashing, furious seas.

It is significant (how the phrase throws itself on paper!) that "Moby Dick" was once an immense success on sound-radio, theatre of the imagination. Mr. Welles could have taken a cue from this, though he would argue, I dare say, that to present his text without any form of stage effect (other than sound) would be simply to offer a recital. I think I might have preferred this to his final choice. He lets the piece grow at a rehearsal in an American theatre towards the end of the last century, and, unfortunately, uses just enough theatrical devices to make us realise that we are at a play, the edge taken from our imagination.

True, there is a most boisterous storm at sea, raised by very simple means. A twist-and-twine of ropes has fallen from the flies; lamps sway overhead. And there, with voices and off-stage noises suitably orchestrated, is as fierce a hurricane as we could wish (one that even my father, in his day a connoisseur of hurricanes, might have approved). Good; yet I could not help noticing how it was done, how the wheels went round. I did not expect to see combers crashing

Jonah in the whale's belly than by all the "Moby Dick" commotion and the blank verse in which Mr. Welles has composed the dialogue. It was a fantastic thing to attempt, anyway; no doubt we should be glad of fantasy, however devised. Perhaps we ought to leave the matter there.

I had a much more exhilarating night at the Birmingham Repertory Theatre, where Douglas Seale

aid Richard: Alan Bridges in smoulder as Bolingbroke, Richard Pasco as that arch-vacillator Aumerle, Alan Rowe's tingling young Harry Percy. Gaunt and York have yet to find their stature; but there is much else to please ear and eye. Alan Edwards, for example, carries off the traditional double of Mowbray and, later, the Bishop who reports Mowbray's death at Venice where he "gave his body to that pleasant country's earth, and his pure soul unto his captain Christ."

Sir Barry Jackson has restored the Aumerle-York scenes heard so seldom in the theatre. Though the writing is poor, the scenes do fill out the play, answer various questions that as a rule are left unanswered. Sir Barry's cutting here has been adroit, as indeed it is throughout the night. York is not allowed to clamour for his boots, an iteration that, in spite of the efforts of an extremely good actor, used to dissolve the house in laughter at the Old Vic during the early 'thirties.

If I cannot speak so warmly of the O.U.D.S. summer production, "As You Like It," I can at least remember the setting. It will remain in grateful recollection: the garden of Worcester College on a shining June afternoon, a heat-haze shimmer over the distant lake, the turf mossily green, the trees in glorious leaf, and a bird-song obligato. This was good enough for Arden. We wanted no other adornments, and we had none. Nevill Coghill's production had a pleasing fluidity: his players were able to roam at large, giving to us the sense that we were ourselves in mid-Arden, the play going on all about us.

True, every scene was spoken—and rightly so—under our noses; we felt, none the less, that the entire lawns of Worcester formed our stage. It was a pity that, except for Jeffery Wickham's pointed Jaques, the acting did not match its surroundings, but Shakespeare's verse borne on the June air could not fail to soothe, and Mr. Coghill had a good device at the end when Hymen, with processional



"COLLECTORS SHOULD SPEED TO SEE JACK MAY'S FINE PERFORMANCE": "RICHARD THE SECOND" (BIRMINGHAM REPERTORY), SHOWING THE LAST SCENE IN WHICH EXTON BRINGS RICHARD'S BODY INTO THE PRESENCE OF BOLINGBROKE (HENRY IV.). (L. TO R.) SIR PIERCE OF EXTON (OLIVER NEVILLE), NORTHUMBERLAND (GEOFFREY TAYLOR), BOLINGBROKE (ALAN BRIDGES), YORK (REDMOND PHILLIPS), AND THE DEAD RICHARD (JACK MAY).

was producing "Richard the Second." No one in our time has staged the histories as Mr. Seale has done. His "Richard" is of special moment because it dispenses with what, for the sake of brevity, we can call the Benson-Montague convention: the portrait of Richard as a self-conscious, a deliberate, artist in sorrow. The trouble with that famous reading (which some hold that Montague the critic, rather than Benson the actor, evolved) is that the artist's exploration of his grief obscures the grief itself. There are many compensating beauties; but we do miss directly expressed emotion. At Birmingham now, Richard is played without this elaboration. Jack May shows to us the man unadorned, the proud autocrat who has passed his days in the fierce light that beats upon a throne, and who finds himself suddenly in the shadow, with Death mocking him, "scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp." He is a failure as a King and a failure in life. "Divine right" is a vanished illusion; he is left with his sorrow that—in the Deposition scene—moves into a bitter irony. He sees himself as he is, no longer a golden symbol of kingship, an inviolable emblem. The last soliloquy at Pomfret, the tired man thinking aloud, is intensely moving. "I wasted time, and now doth time waste me."

The stage has been lucky in its Richards. Jack May's adds notably to them. I hope that he will not let the part rust after his five weeks at Birmingham. If he does not caress every line, get all possible music from Richard's lyric grief, he is finely lucid and he can go direct to the heart. Emotion is not sieved, as it must be in the Montague reading. Mr. Seale, in the galliered set by Finlay James, takes the play through at an exciting pace, and several performances



THE FIRST MUSICAL COMEDY WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR SKATES: "WILDFIRE" (EMPRESS HALL), SHOWING THE "ROCKETTES" AS DEPICTED BY THE SKATING CORPS-DE-BALLET OF CLAUDE LANGDON'S LATEST ICE MUSICAL SHOW.

torch-bearers, came up, among the leaping flames, across the wide stretch of turf.

Any effort to get "Wildfire" (Empress Hall) into this article finds me upon thin ice. No production could be ordered more ornately. Whether you like the kind of adornment must depend upon your general reaction to the "ice show," the world on skates. Pauline Grant, in her libretto, skates across the story of the early Virginian settlers; Pocahontas is there, and

so—to my surprise—is Richard Hearne, "Mr. Pastry," whom I had never connected with the building of Jamestown or with Red Indian forays. He proves that it is as easy to be agile in 1609 as it is in 1955, though his form of agility is different from that of the principal artist, Belita. After seeing "Wildfire," the first musical comedy written expressly for skates, I can suggest only that when the Empress Hall needs another libretto, it should have a look at "Moby Dick." It would be a sight to observe the white whale on skates. And think of the storm—in coloured lights—and maybe "Mr. Pastry" as Captain Ahab. Only an idea, of course.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"AS YOU LIKE IT" (Oxford).—The O.U.D.S. brings Rosalind and Orlando to an Arden on the lawns of Worcester: the production, Nevill Coghill's, outmatched the playing. (June 14; seen, June 18.)

"MOBY DICK" (Duke of York's).—Whaling, with Orson Welles, on the stage of a West End theatre. A brave attempt at the nearly impossible, though you may remember the sudden conjuring of a storm at sea. (June 16.)

"WILDFIRE" (Empress Hall, Earl's Court).—Virginian settlers and the building of Jamestown (on ice) in the first musical comedy written for skates. (June 16; seen June 17.)

"RICHARD THE SECOND" (Birmingham Repertory).—Douglas Seale's production of another of the Shakespearean histories is an invigorating night at Sir Barry Jackson's theatre. Collectors should speed to see Jack May's fine performance: a lucidly-phrased Richard without the "conscious artist" trimmings so familiar on the modern stage. (June 21.)



"A BRAVE ATTEMPT AT THE NEARLY IMPOSSIBLE": ORSON WELLES IN HIS OWN PLAY, "MOBY DICK" (DUKE OF YORK'S), WITH JOAN PLOWRIGHT, WHO PLAYS THE PART OF A YOUNG ACTRESS (AFTERWARDS "PIP"). THE PLAY, WHICH IS STAGED BY THE AUTHOR, OPENED ON JUNE 16 FOR A FOUR-WEEKS SEASON. IT IS INTENDED THAT IT SHALL FORM PART OF A PROGRAMME OF REPERTORY TO BE PRESENTED BY MR. WELLES IN THE FORTHCOMING SEASON.

over the deck. Instead, I found myself thinking: "How clever to have transformed the Duke of York's stage like that! It reminds me—of what now?—of that lantern on a tall, tossing pole that Ben Greet used for his storm in 'The Tempest'—heavens!—thirty years ago at least. I thought that was very fine. So is this, more elaborate, of course, but the same principle. . . ." That is not the kind of reflection to persuade one that Captain Ahab is on the bridge of the whaler *Pequod* of Nantucket in a storm, and that we are sailing with him towards the haunts of the white whale.

The final chase after Moby Dick, Ahab's death, the sinking, do not come off at all. In fact, the evening turns out to be a rather tedious experiment, acted (I agree) with force by Mr. Welles himself and, especially, by Patrick McGoohan as the second mate, Starbuck, but not the exciting experiment we had hoped. A curiosity, yes. Still, I was more persuaded by Bridie's little scene of

THE JORDANIAN ROYAL VISIT.



AT SANDHURST, WHERE HE WAS HIMSELF A CADET: KING HUSSEIN OF JORDAN (CENTRE) INSPECTING THE GUARD OF HONOUR AT THE ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY.



AFTER RECEIVING HER M.A.: QUEEN DINA OF JORDAN (CENTRE) WITH STUDENTS AND TUTORS OF GIRTON COLLEGE, OF WHICH SHE WAS FORMERLY A MEMBER.



SIR ANTHONY EDEN OUTSIDE NO. 10, DOWNING STREET, AS HE GREETED HIS GUESTS FOR DINNER: KING HUSSEIN AND QUEEN DINA OF JORDAN.

We show here some of the highlights of the visit to this country (during his honeymoon) of H.M. King Hussein Ibn Talal of the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan. After the end of their stay at Windsor, King Hussein and Queen Dina fulfilled a number of engagements. On June 20 the King went by helicopter to H.M.S. *Centaur* at sea, while Queen Dina went to Wimbledon. In the evening they saw the ballet "The Sleeping Beauty" at Covent Garden. On June 21 King Hussein went to Biggin Hill, while Queen Dina visited Westminster Hospital; and in the evening they dined at No. 10, Downing Street. On June 22 King Hussein went to Sandhurst and later by helicopter to Lulworth, while Queen Dina went to Cambridge to take her M.A. In the evening there was a dinner at the Jordan Embassy in London.

THE SECOND TEST MATCH—AT LORD'S.

The Second Test against South Africa opened at Lord's on June 23 and England were soon out for 133, Barrington being the top scorer with 34, the South African fast bowler Heine, playing in his first Test, taking 5 wickets for 60. South Africa passed this score the same day, making 142 for 5, which they increased on June 24 to 304 all out, McLean making a rousing century of 142. Wardle was the most fortunate of the English bowlers, taking 4 wickets for 65. England batted again and had made 108 at the close of play for the loss of Kenyon. On June 25 England increased this score to 353, of which May made 112 and Compton 69, Tayfield taking 5 wickets for 80. South Africa lost two quick wickets to Statham, and the last ball of the day (from Trueman) so injured the elbow of the South African captain, J. E. Cheetham, that it seemed unlikely that he would play again for about ten days. When play began on June 27, South Africa needed 166 to win, but were all out for 111.



THE MAN WHO CHANGED THE FACE OF THE MATCH FOR SOUTH AFRICA IN THE LORD'S TEST: R. A. MCLEAN CUTTING WARDLE DURING HIS INNINGS OF 142.



J. E. CHEETHAM, THE SOUTH AFRICAN CAPTAIN, DROPPING HIS BAT AS HE WAS STRUCK BY THE LAST BALL OF THE DAY ON JUNE 25. THE BONE WAS CHIPPED.



THE END OF A FINE INNINGS: THE ENGLISH CAPTAIN, P. B. H. MAY, SEES A BAIL FALL, AFTER HITTING HIS WICKET, WHEN HE HAD SCORED 112.

THE WORLD'S OLDEST KNOWN BIRD— THE "REPTILE-BIRD" ARCHÆOPTERYX.

By Dr. W. E. SWINTON, of the British Museum (Natural History).

CHARLES DARWIN was among the first philosopher naturalists who saw that the links connecting old and new forms might be preserved in the geological record. Even he could not guess how rich that record might be and how rewarding would be the results of the collecting and study that his "Origin of Species" fostered and stimulated. None the less, nearly a century after the publication of that monumental work, there are still major problems that remain to be settled about the succession of life.

This is especially true of the birds. The modern avifauna is enormously rich and well known. Birds are diverse in colour, in habits and in habitats. We know birds that swim or run and cannot fly; and there are truly flying birds whose homes are in the most



THE IMPRINT OF THE FEATHER THAT GAVE THE FIRST HINT OF THE POSSIBILITY OF BIRD REMAINS IN THE SOLENHOFEN LIMESTONE QUARRIES. (FROM THE SPECIMEN IN THE MUNICH MUSEUM.)

curious places. If we trace the story of bird life back through the fossil record, we find that up to about 30,000,000 years ago, in the Miocene period, most of the modern kinds of birds would seem to have been established. Before this, up to 60,000,000 years ago—that is, at the beginning of the Tertiary era, there is a good but dwindling representation, and there is a remarkable range of large, flightless forms.

Beyond this, back into the Mesozoic, there are very few fossil birds, for, if one discards the ill-known and doubtful records, the remainder could almost be counted on the fingers of one hand. Thus, those forms that are recognised are literally worth their weight in gold.

From that great repository of fossil life, the Niobrara Chalk of Kansas, U.S.A., there are two well-known birds: one is large, a loon or swimming and diving bird, about 3 ft. long, and the other is small and pigeon-sized. These two birds had many of the skeletal features of modern birds, but they had teeth in their jaws, a condition unknown in the Class Aves to-day.

It is odd that the circumstances of fossilisation should have preserved for us these two: *Ichthyornis*, the smaller bird, which was clearly a good flier, and *Hesperornis*, the larger, which was apparently already abandoning the air for the water, for its wings were degenerate and its flying musculature slight. Though both have been known for over seventy-five years, it has just recently been discovered that the lower jaw attributed to *Ichthyornis* is really that of a swimming reptile, the Mosasaur *Clidastes*.

What we can deduce from these specimens is that the bird skeleton already had a considerable history of evolution behind it.

limestone near Eichstätt, Bavaria.

This limestone was formed under shallow water conditions in a large sea. Its grain is so fine that the stone was widely used in the last century for lithographic purposes. This resulted in its being quarried extensively, worked with care and minutely examined. Many fossils were discovered in these processes, including numerous very fine pterodactyls, or flying reptiles. Fossils were apt to be discovered, especially when the blocks were split, so that there were slabs and counter-slabs of many of them.

Early in 1861, workmen noticed on such a slab the imprint of an undoubted feather of a bird, the first they had ever seen. Later in the year, there was discovered the skeleton of a bird, partly on a slab and partly on the counterpart. This discovery caused a stir of interest far beyond Bavaria, and there was much speculation as to the real nature of the find. A casual glance at the specimen showed solid bone structure rather more typical of the reptiles in general than of the hollow-boned pterodactyls or of the living birds. The bones were slender and delicate, but so also were those of many of the reptiles the quarrymen were accustomed to find. There was an undoubted piece of upper jaw, with perfect reptilian teeth. But there were also equally unmistakable imprints of feathered wings attached to the forelimbs of this puzzling creature, and the long, typically reptilian tail, of twenty vertebrae, had feathers arranged along its length. This indeed appeared to be the first bird, the *Archæopteryx lithographica* ("ancient wing of the lithographic stone"), as it was named.

The specimen had come into the hands of the local state doctor and the then Superintendent of the Natural History Department of the British Museum, Professor Richard Owen, at once took energetic steps to try to obtain it for his museum. After many difficulties, he was successful, although to get the coveted bird he had to purchase a large collection of other fossils, all for the sum of £700.

Some years later, in 1877, another specimen of an almost similar bird was discovered, in slightly more complete condition, which was acquired for the Berlin Museum for £1000. Naturally, these birds have been studied intensively by many experts through the years. By some the two were regarded as

The only geologically olderspecimens (apart from a rather fragmentary series of bones from the Cambridge Greensand of England) consists of three specimens, all obtained from the Solenhofen

different species and even different genera. At least one scientist regarded them respectively as the ancestors of the flightless and the flying birds, a remarkable coincidence if it were true. Recently, in what is by far the most elaborate and best-illustrated account of the London specimen, Sir Gavin de Beer, Director of the Natural History Museum, has re-examined all the evidence and reassessed the systematic importance



A FULL-SIZED MODEL, SHOWING THE PROBABLE APPEARANCE OF THE WORLD'S MOST ANCIENT BIRD: A RECONSTRUCTION OF *Archæopteryx* BY MR. A. G. HAYWARD, OF THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM. WHILE THE WINGS ARE LIKE THOSE OF MODERN BIRDS, THE TAIL IS UNIQUE. THE LENGTH OF THE BIRD IN THE MODEL (FROM HEAD TO TAIL TIP) IS 18½ INS. AND THE WING SPAN IS 21 INS.

Photographs reproduced by courtesy of the Trustees of the British Museum (Natural History).

and position of *Archæopteryx lithographica* and its evolutionary significance.

He finds that the animal shows a fascinating mixture of primitive reptilian and avian features. Its vertebrae, its limb-bones, its teeth, and even the structure of its brain, which he has worked out, are all like those of various reptiles. On the other hand, the pubis (anterior bone of the pelvis), the furcula, formed from the two fused clavicles, the opposable first toe (hallux), and, of course, the feathers, are those of birds. The feathers bespeak a warm-blooded circulation, which is not a characteristic of reptiles, or at least of modern reptiles. The sternum, re-identified by Sir Gavin, has no keel, so that this primitive bird had not yet acquired the power of flight. True, the sternum of *Hesperornis* also lacked a keel, but the mosaic of features shows that *Archæopteryx* was on the way towards true flight, whereas *Hesperornis* had already had time to discard the use of wings and to adopt an aquatic rôle. What emerges from the picture is a primitive bird, almost certainly "with arboreal habits. With limited wing-power, it glided from tree to tree or from bough to bough. In strong winds it would find it hard to maintain its control in the air, and might well be blown away, as these two specimens indicate, on to the shallow waters of the German sea, there to be drowned and its body to lie on the soft and impressionable mud flats. When exposed by the receding tide, the body would soon become covered by dust blown by the offshore winds, its wings but slightly ruffled, and so it remained in its limestone prison for over 150,000,000 years.

The quarrymen of nearly a century ago thus enabled us to have a tantalising glimpse of a piece of the history of flight that we are only now beginning to understand. With some imagination we can link *Archæopteryx* with the forms that came later, but it requires much speculation to see the origin of even that power of flight this first known bird displays, and to attempt to probe the darkness beyond the Jurassic limestone to the Proavis, that bipedal reptile that began to don feathers instead of scales and to eye the trees as steps to the stars.



SHOWING THE MAJOR PORTION OF THE SKELETON AND THE CLEAR IMPRINT OF THE FEATHERS OF WING AND TAIL: THE MAIN SLAB OF LITHOGRAPHIC STONE. THE SEMICIRCULAR SCOOPED-OUT PORTION IN THE MIDDLE ON THE LEFT SIDE CONTAINS THE BRAIN CAST. THE DARK AREAS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE SKELETON ARE THOSE OF THE EXCAVATIONS MADE WITH GREAT SKILL IN THE WORKSHOPS OF THE GEOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM (NATURAL HISTORY).



ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY MILLION YEARS AGO : THE LAST MOMENTS OF *ARCHÆOPTERYX* RECONSTRUCTED BY OUR ARTIST—THE WORLD'S OLDEST KNOWN BIRD ABOUT TO LAND ON THE WATERS WHICH ENGULFED AND DROWNED IT.

Archæopteryx, the oldest known bird, which is discussed by Dr. Swinton in an article on the facing page, is known from two skeletons only, both of which were found during the second half of the last century in the Solenhofen limestone, near Eichstätt, Bavaria. One specimen was obtained for the British Museum (Natural History) and the other for the Berlin Museum. These famous "reptile-birds" have been studied intensively by many experts through the years, and now Sir Gavin de Beer, Director of the Natural History Museum, has re-examined all the evidence and reassessed the systematic importance and position of *Archæopteryx lithographica* and its evolutionary significance. *Archæopteryx*, although well endowed with wing feathers and a long, feathered tail, was not muscularly equipped for

flight in the manner of modern flying birds. In a strong wind it could easily lose control and be borne away from the trees in which it normally lived and from which it glided. On this page Mr. Neave Parker illustrates the fate of our oldest bird specimen. It is shown being blown over the shallow waters of the Solenhofen sea, which were soon to engulf and drown it. But the fine mud beneath the waves received the body and registered its imprint, and sand blown by the wind from the shore covered up the body when it was laid bare by the receding tide. Thus the specimen was preserved, the ever-thickening layers of mud and sand becoming the fine-grained lithographic limestone, which after 150,000,000 years restored the skeleton and the imprint of the long-lost feathers to the scientific world.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST NEAVE PARKER, WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF DR. W. E. SWINTON.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

THERE is a small but special class in fiction which may be called the lovable-fantastic group—stories like "Geordie," or "A Kid For Two Farthings." These tales are always short; they have an air of guilelessness, yet one can see they must be very difficult—in fact, inspired; and though the critics tend to be supercilious about them, they are adored by the wide public. A mere addition to this group would be an event. But here we have a far stranger event: a story with the lovable-fantastic atmosphere and its full charm, woven of nausea and nightmare. "Canal in Moonlight," by Kathleen Sully (Peter Davies; 10s. 6d.), might have been ultra-popular, and has preferred—with extraordinary self-denial—to make one feel rather sick.

Nor does it start off lovably, and then reveal itself as a nightmare; it starts off with the nausea-motif:

Bikka's rats are large, fierce and tenacious. They find rich pickings in the garbage of the extravagant Bikka poor. . . . Only the boldest or most foolhardy of the Bikka cats ever stalk one, so they go from strength to strength; feared and shunned or abhorred and ignored.

No plainer warning can be conceived. And we are told straight off that number sixty-five Bikka Road has "something in common" with the warehouses. It is a decaying barrack in a rubbish-heap—the lair of a "half-witted" remittance man, who married a street-walker and has now sixteen children. The Hoppes are well fitted to turn one's stomach. So are the Dryppes next door—only more subtly. This is a comfortable household; and the daughter is discovered in an unlighted room, listening to gramophone-music and trying to forget she is Netta Dryppe. Trying to forget her teeth, her age, her congenital syphilis—her ugly, ugly teeth. And finally, the man who walks in is Paul Berlake. He is tormented too; he has an evil spirit, like a rat. . . .

So we should guess what is in store. In fact, we know; it is laid down, at Berlake's first meeting with Edie Hoppe. But one is taken in by the explicitness—and by the lovable quality. For the squalor of the Hoppes is only skin-deep. Horace is no mental defective; his kink is a pure, childlike soul, vacant of all thought for the future—in other words, a kind of saintliness. His wife, "wholesome and handsome" even now, lives for her brood and revels in it. As for the boys—they are light-fingered, certainly, but that seems part of the joke; they seem to have their being in a fantastic comedy of liberation. So we can ignore its drift, till what was bound to happen begins happening: at first quite quietly and off-hand, then as an all-engulfing plague. Horace was bringing up his family in the real world; and this is the real end of it. Only—the very last word is with Netta, who can see beyond.

OTHER FICTION.

After this truly singular and vital little book, "Last Innocence," by Celia Bertin (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.), strikes one as rather elaborate going. Nor has the theme a pristine quality. It is about an exquisite but deadly little widow, who caught a great poet young in order to promote herself as the "poet's wife." Brigitte was rich; Touray, we gather, had a "revolutionary conscience" and despised "middle-class wealth." Still, he could use a good deal of it. His wife kept him in comfort, bullied him behind the scenes, and charmed the outer world with her façade of wedded bliss and four "beautiful children." And then, at fifty, the poet lost his heart to a romantic young girl. But all in vain; every time he went off to live with her, Mme. Touray "simply stopped giving him any money." Two of his daughters were for Karin; and the youngest committed suicide. The other, Paule, had already been goaded into perversion. Touray threw up the sponge, and died of hate; and now the widow is writing his biography. She has preserved the legend intact, and done away with his last poems.

This story comes out by degrees, during a visit from her eldest daughter and son-in-law. Etienne was attracted to Maia as a daughter of Roger Touray; but he has no true feeling for her. And in this house, he has no consciousness of the poet. None of its inmates seem to be alive, except for Paule, who is its mad dog. She is the one he loves; and from his love she gets the impulse to change her life.

The tale makes a slow start; even in Paule's stilted confidential *recit* to her brother-in-law it has not really warmed up. And it combines a fiercely judging attitude with rather confused morals. But with the inception of the love-affair, and the succeeding life-and-death struggling with Mme. Touray, it becomes genuinely gripping.

"The Mayor of Roccabianca," by Frank Headland (Robert Hale; 9s. 6d.), has absolutely no nonsense about it; that is, no high-serious nonsense. The scene is a village on the foothills of Etna, officially non-existent—owing to a quiet deal with the Genio Militare at the beginning of the Kaiser's war—and accessible only by a goat track. As "living there is the only conceivable reason for going there," it is not even signposted. There is a *grand seigneur*, now thriving in America as a cosmetics tycoon; and the *seigneur* has probably an unofficial scion. This had escaped his memory for twenty years; but it occurs to him during an outside hang-over, just when the village is being stirred up by the wood-turner's eldest boy. Cesaro Tagliato has progressive ideas, a passion for the notary's daughter Giulia, and the Montecatini nose. So, when Maluovo is instructed to locate the missing heir, he also gets ideas. . . . but it is nothing like as simple as that. We are told the author "can write in a roomful of people with the radio on." That is exactly how he reads, in the best sense. Long may he keep at it.

"The Man Inside," by M. E. Chaber (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 9s. 6d.), once more convinces me that thrillers are looking up. Milo March, the insurance detective, has been put on to recover the fabulous Tavernier Blue diamond, stolen by a "little man" named Samson Hercules Carter. He had been calling regularly at the "House of Stones" for fifteen years; and then one day, he simply took the diamond and walked out, shooting the guard. Fresh, lively, and agreeable all round.—K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

HISTORIES; AND A HISTORICAL NOVELIST.

I THINK I know few Englishmen who can speak one or more foreign languages completely like a native—Sir Paul Dukes is one, General Sir Edward Spears is another, and Sir Desmond Morton a third. I know of a number of foreigners who, like my friend Daniele Vare, the late Duke of Alba, the late Count Albrecht Bernsdorff and a bare half-dozen others, speak and write English as easily as they do their own native tongues. Yet even in the cases which I have mentioned, just occasionally there occurs a phrase which betrays a lack of what Sir Harold Nicolson once described as a mastery of "toutes les aïssances" of the English language. A charming example of this linguistic narcissism is to be found in "The Dukes of Brissac," by the Duc de Brissac (Hachette; 20s.). Far be it from me, as the newly appointed historian of a family which (may I whisper it?) huffs the Brissacs by several centuries, to cast the slightest disparagement on any form of literary Shintoism. The Brissacs and the Cossés are something out of the run of the majority of the French nobility. They were, above all, the *noblesse d'épée* who served the French State—notably in the field—throughout the centuries, and indeed, unlike some of their confrères, have found it possible to adapt themselves—with a few casualties—to the various French régimes which have followed the Revolution. M. le Duc's translations from his native French are, bless his heart, slightly overdone. One found it, to say the least, a little curious to see the *Faubourg St. Honoré* described as "the Street of St. Honoré," or Napoleon's mother, whom we all know as Mme. Mère, giving way to "Madam Mother's panic." In the same way, the "Sea-green Incorruptible" may have been the Douglas Jay or the Dick Crossman of his time (plus a bloodthirstiness that those two old acquaintances of mine would never possess), but it reads a little oddly when the Duke talks about the "funest mania of Robespierre" and then goes on to complain about "a refractory priest in laic clothes." I can well see that as a result the Duke's ancestor had every reason to have "complained to the direction of the prison"! Nevertheless, in spite of the fact that St. Simon (described by the Duke as "The Duke of St. Simon"), talking of the contemporary Brissacs, states that he had "knowledge and wits, of the most agreeable sort, but with the face of a full apothecary, fattish, lowish [*graslet, basset*], and ruddy coloured," the Ducs de Brissac served the French State and continue to illuminate (as the Duke would say) French life with integrity, charm and culture. A book I warmly recommend for all lovers of France and the best in aristocratic French culture.

I am aware that for long it has been the intellectual fashion to decry M. André Maurois, rather as in the world of music to be fond of Gilbert and Sullivan stamps one as a lowbrow. Nevertheless, I found myself the other day re-reading "*Les Silences du Colonel Bramble*" and enjoying it every bit as much as when I first read it twenty-five years ago. It was therefore with pleasure that I read "*Alexandre Dumas*," by André Maurois (Hutchinson; 8s. 6d.). The translation by Jack Palmer White is excellent, though the non-classical scholar may perhaps be a trifle puzzled by a description of a yachting trip as a "periplus." Dumas had West Indian blood in him. Indeed, Bonaparte referred to his father, General Dumas, as "that coloured man." He was a romantic at the height of the romantic movement, and M. Maurois admirably evokes the strange "flaming passions" of the 1830's, when the great French literary figures of the age were involved in their more complicated love-affairs. M. Maurois has a fascinating story to tell of the birth of "The Three Musketeers," which involved Dumas over his collaboration with Auguste Maquet in charges of literary dishonesty. Extravagant, flamboyant, fantastic as any character he created, his financial ruin and his voluntary exile in Belgium were perhaps inevitable, and the story of the "return of the prodigal father" to die in the year of the Franco-Prussian War is told by M. Maurois with austere pathos. Few story-tellers can have given more pleasure than Alexandre Dumas, and M. Maurois' tribute to him is a worthy monument to a great writer and a fantastic man.

From that hemisphere whence the Dumas sprang comes "Jemmy Button," by Benjamin Subercaseaux (Allen; 12s. 6d.). Sr. Subercaseaux is a member of a well-known Chilean family, and is one of that country's most distinguished writers. He tells the story—and very well he does it—of Captain Fitzroy's voyage in H.M.S. *Beagle* to the southernmost tip of South America in 1830. On one of the islands he took aboard four young Indian natives, whom he brought back to England, where they became an object of great public interest and curiosity. Unfortunately, all attempts to civilise them failed, so that when Captain Fitzroy made his second trip (the one which Charles Darwin describes in his famous book), he took back to Tierra del Fuego the three surviving untamed savages. Jemmy Button, the principal subject of this book, appeared to be genuinely fond of Fitzroy and of such Europeans with whom he came in contact. Unfortunately, such few trappings of civilisation as he had acquired speedily fell from him, so much so that when, twenty years after his return,

eight Anglican missionaries were massacred with appalling ferocity, the fat, forty-three-year-old who led the attack was none other than Jemmy Button. A fascinating period piece and, as I say, extremely well told. Incidentally, for those who like charming dedications I recommend M. Subercaseaux' simple words to a missionary friend with which he begins the book.

"A History of India," by J. C. Powell-Price (Nelson; 2 gns.), is a monumental and valuable work. The author traces the history of the great sub-continent from the early and advanced civilisations, which we now know to have been pre-Aryan, up to the present day. So long a story covering so large a country cannot fail to be complicated, but as far as is possible, Mr. Powell-Price makes it both clear and readable. Great as were the civilising achievements of the British Raj, it is well to be reminded for how comparatively short a time the *Pax Britannica* held sway, and how fine was the culture and how great the traditions of some of the civilisations which preceded it. The book is well documented, has an excellent glossary and some valuable and attractive photographic illustrations. E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

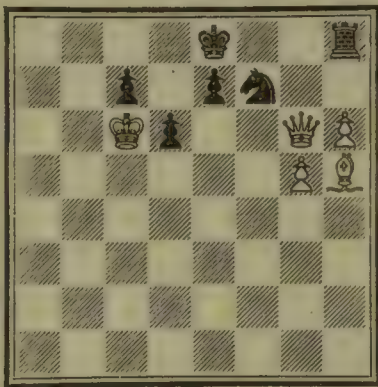
CASTLING is assumed to be legal in a chess problem unless it can be proved that it is not.

This is the theme of this week's two problems, specially contributed by Mr. T. K. Wigan, Woking.

Cover up the text below the diagrams and, carefully bearing the above in mind, try to find a move in each by White which enables him to force mate on move 2 against any defence.

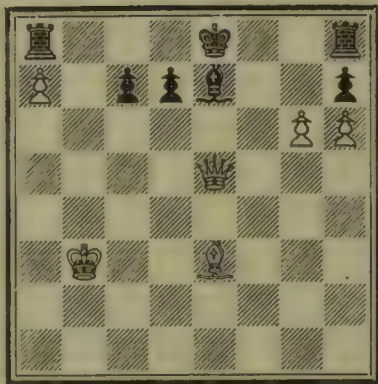
Though the actual play is simpler than usual, this castling business calls for a clear head. . . .

1 Black.



White.

2 Black.



White.

Now for the elucidations—we need rather more than mere solutions this week!

PROBLEM 1: The key-move is 1. Q-K6. If Black could castle, this would fail; but scrutiny of the position shows that he can not, as his last move must have been made by either rook or king.

For instance, it could not have been . . . P(Q2)-Q3, for, on Q2, that pawn would have been checking the White king—so under the laws of chess, it could not have been Black's move at all.

Similarly, though . . . Kt-B2 might have been a legal last move for Black on the face of it (interposing against a check from White's queen), we are once again up against a chess illegality when we ask "Where did the knight come from?"

PROBLEM 2: Black's last move might have been . . . B-K2 (interposing or capturing). The key-move is B-Kt5, which works even if Black castles either king's side or queens.

Among an admittedly not very distinguished group of mates, 1. . . . K-Qr; 2. Q×R might be mentioned—depending, as it does, on the fact that Black's bishop is now pinned.

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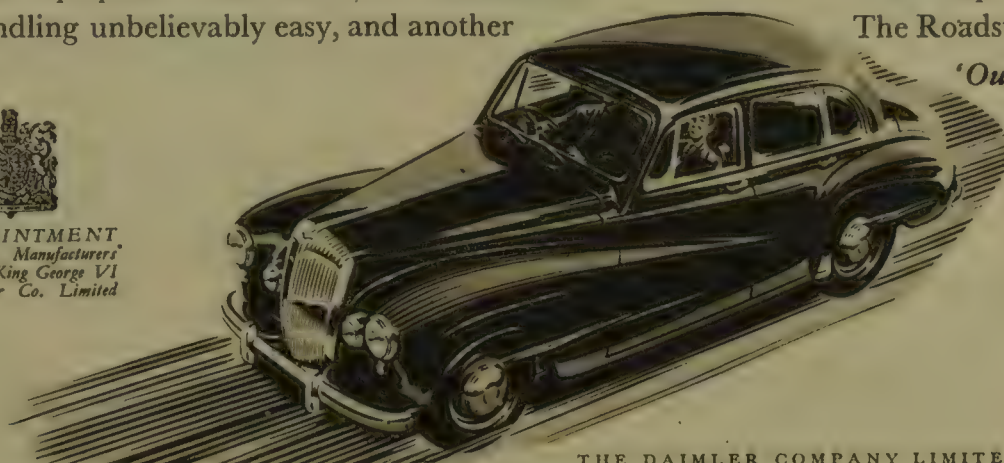
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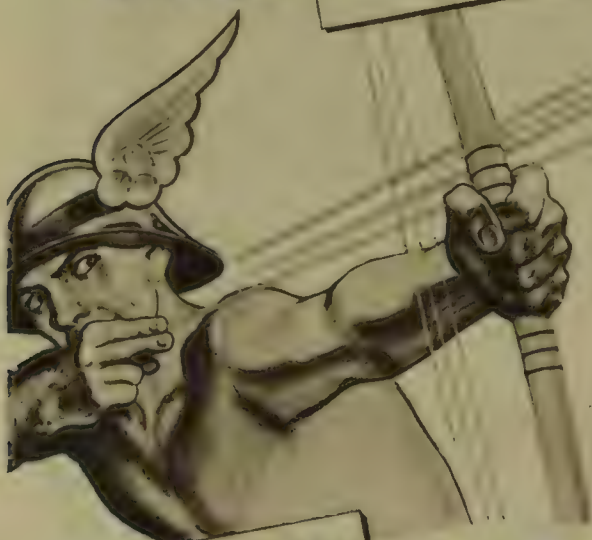


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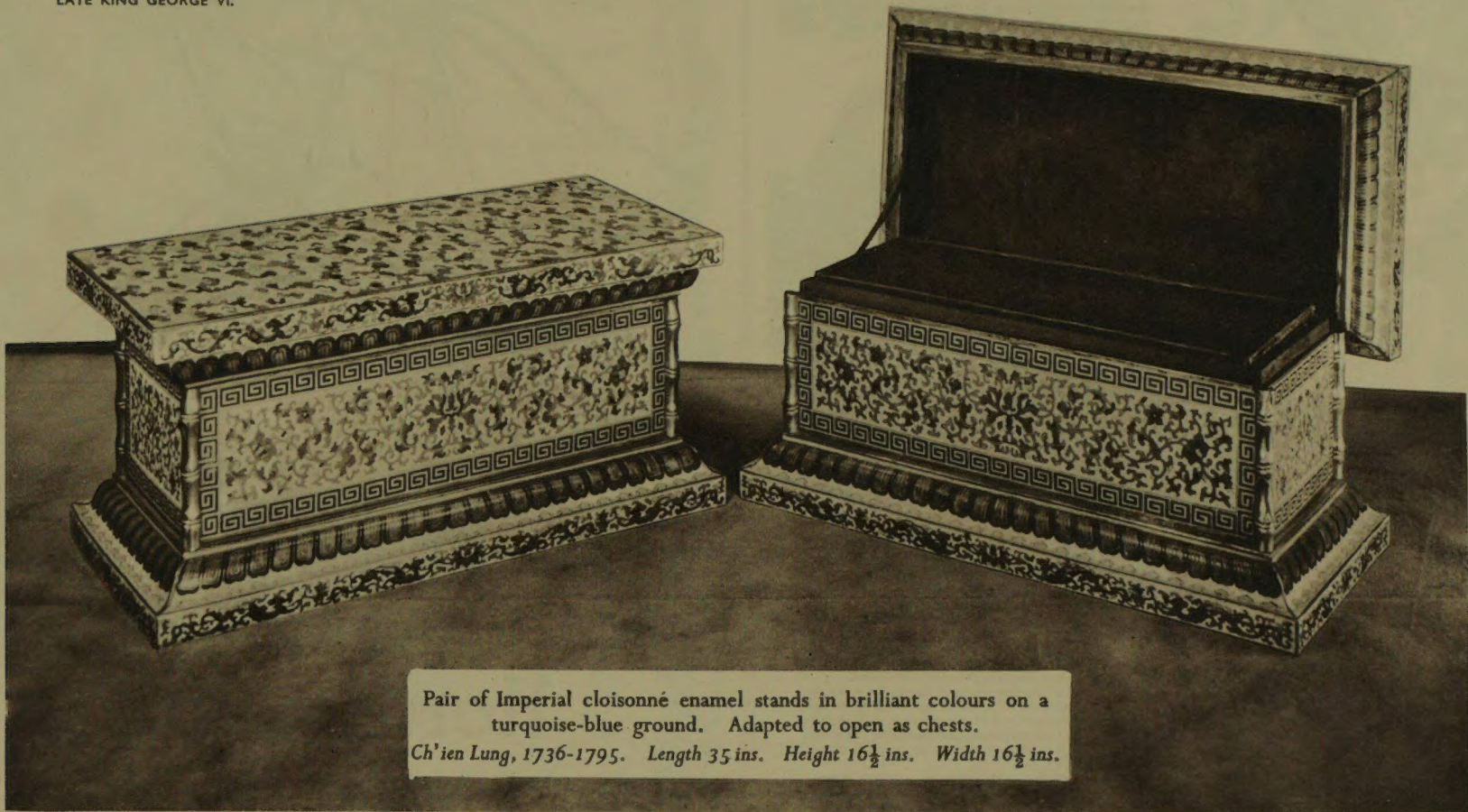
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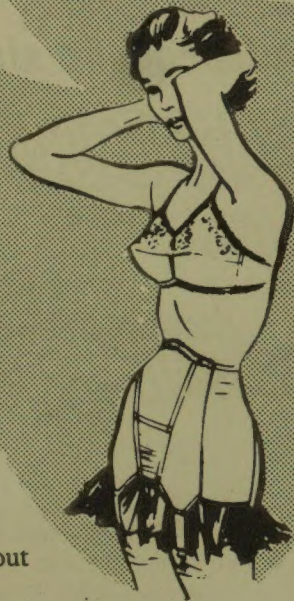
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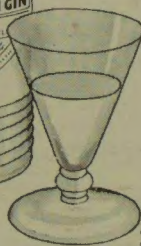
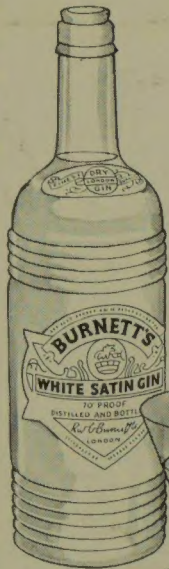
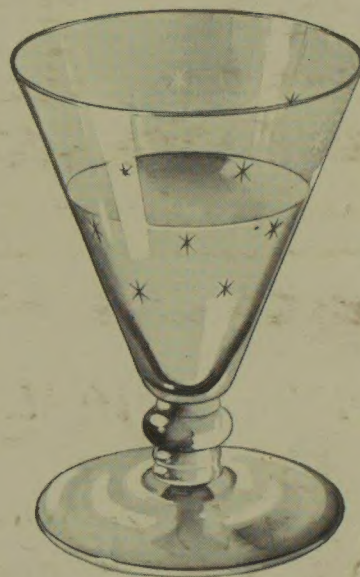
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